THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

UNCHANGED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGIAN D. S.

"Unchanging and unchanged"—my heart is thrilling
With a strange rapture never known before;
To night a flood of joy my soul is filling,
As I read thy dear letter o'er and o'er.
Each line is full of sadness—thou believest
That she who loved thee hath grown cold, estranged!
Still, while o'er this sad change thy fond heart grievest,
Thou writest, "I'm unchanging and unchanged."

Oh! lone and weary through the wilds I wandered,
Pleading for love with fond and anxious prayer;
My heart's rich treasures lavishly I squandered,
And for return I gained a crown of care.
My idols turned to clay—I vainly yearning
For one familiar voice to speak to me;
Wearied—unto despair my grief was turning,
When I found hope and tenderness in thee.

And thou did'st promise to protect and guide me,
To lead me through fair paths where flowers bloom;
And should dark storms and dreary days betide me,
To strive with all thy strength to break the gloom.
Well hast thou kept thy promise; friend and lover,
Both hast thou been since that blest day to me;
Angels of peace and love have seemed to hover
Around me as I hold converse with thee.

We have been parted long—but letters dearer
Than e'er I dreamed that written words could be,
Have drawn me unto thee, love, closer, nearer,
And I have lived on love and memory.
Still thou hast fancied that my heart is roving,
The vows I breathed have not been truly kept—
Oh! how my heart, with all its wealth of loving,
Ached at the charge—and how mine eyes have wept.

But 'tis not so! thou art to me the dearest;
No other love can fill this soul of mine;
Beloved, thou art still the best and nearest,
So doubt me not, I am forever thine.
Come when thou will, with welcome warm I'll meet thee,
Thou'lt find, mine own, that I am not estranged;
Oh! how I yearn with words of love to greet thee,
To prove that "*I'm* unchanging and unchanged."

CROSSES.—If God has sent thee a *cross*, take it up, and follow him; use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable; bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable; behold in it God's anger against sin, and his love towards thee in punishing the one and chastening the other. If it be light, slight it not; if heavy, murmur not. Not to be sensible of a judgment, is the symptom of a hardened heart; and to be displeased at his pleasure, is a sign of a rebellious will.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL FLAG.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the capture of a rebel battle flag by the 8th Illinois cavalry, Col. Farnsworth, near Poolesville, Maryland.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SPECIAL VISION TOUCHING MRS. PECKABY.

Not until summer, when the days were long and the nights short, did the marriage of Lionel Verner take place. Lady Verner declined to be present at it; Decima and Lucy *were*. It was a grand ceremony, of course; that is, it would have been grand, but for an ignominious interruption which occurred to mar it. At the very moment they were at the altar, Lionel placing the ring on his bride's finger, and all around wrapt in breathless silence, in a transport of enthusiasm, the bridesmaids uncertain whether they must go off in hysterics or not, there tore into the church Master Dan Duff, in a state of extreme terror and ragged shirt sleeves, fighting his way against those who would have impeded him, and shouting out at the top of his voice:

"Mother was took with the cholic, and she'd die right off if Mr. Jan didn't make haste to her."

Upon which Jan, who had positively no more sense of what was due to society than Dan Duff himself had, went flying away there and then, muttering something about "those poisonous mushrooms." And so, they were made man and wife; Lionel, in his heart of hearts, doubting if he did not best love Lucy Tempest.

A breakfast at Dr. West's; Miss Deborah and Miss Amilly not in the least knowing (as they said afterwards) how they comported themselves at it; and then Lionel and his bride departed. He was taking her to Paris, which Sibylla had never seen.

Leaving them to enjoy its attractions—and Sibylla, at any rate, would not fail to do so—we must give another word to that zealous missionary, Brother Jarrum.

The seed, scattered broadcast by Brother Jarrum, had had time to fructify. He had left the glowing promises of all that awaited them, did they decide to voyage out to New Jerusalem, to take root in the imaginations of his listeners, and absented himself for a time from Deerham. This may have been crafty policy on Brother Jarrum's part; or may have resulted from necessity. It was hardly likely that so talented and enlightened an apostle as Brother Jarrum, should confine his labors to the limited sphere of Deerham; in all probability, they had to be put in requisition elsewhere. However it may have been, for several weeks towards the end of spring, Brother Jarrum was away from Deerham. Mr. Bitterworth, and one or two more influential people, of whom Lionel was one, had very strongly objected to Brother Jarrum's presence in it at all; and, again, this may have been the reason of his quitting it. However it was, he did quit it; though not without establishing a secret understanding with the more faithful of his converts. With the exception of these converts, Deerham thought he had left it for good; that it was, as they not at all politely expressed it, "shut of him." In this, Deerham was mistaken.

On the very day of Lionel Verner's marriage, Brother Jarrum reappeared in the place. He took up his abode, as before, in Mrs. Peckaby's spare room. Peckaby, this time held out against it. However welcome the four shillings rent, weekly, was from Brother Jarrum, Peckaby assumed a lordly indifference to it, and protested he'd rather starve, nor have pison like him in the house. Peckaby, however, possessed a wife, who on occasion wore, metaphorically speaking, his nether garments, and it was her will and pleasure to countenance the expectant guest. Brother Jarrum, therefore, was received and welcomed.

He did not hold forth this time in Peckaby's shop. He did not in public urge the delights of New Jerusalem, or the expediency of departure for it. He kept himself quiet and retired, receiving visits in the privacy of his chamber. After dark, especially, friends would drop in; admitted without noise or bustle by Mrs. Peckaby; parties of ones, of twos, of threes, until there would be quite an assembly collected upstairs; why should not Brother Jarrum hold his levees as well as his betters?

That something unusual was in the wind, was very evident; some scheme, or project, which it appeared expedient to keep a secret. Had Peckaby been a little less fond of the seductions of the Plough and Harrow, he had not failed to have his suspicions aroused. Unfortunately Peckaby yielded unremittingly to the temptation, and spent every evening there, leaving full away to his wife, his house, and Brother Jarrum.

About a month thus passed on, and Lionel Verner and his wife were expected home, when Deerham woke up one morning to a commotion. A flitting had taken place from it in the night. Brother Jarrum had departed, conveying with him a train of followers.

One of the first to hear of it was Jan Verner; and, curious to say, he heard it from Mrs. Baynton, the lady at Chalk Cottage. Jan, who, let him be called abroad in the night as he would, was always up with the sun, stood one morning in his surgery, between seven and eight o'clock, when he was surprised by the entrance of Mrs. Baynton; a little woman, with a meek, pinched face, and gray hair. Since Dr. West's departure, Jan had attended the sickly daughter, therefore he knew Mrs. Baynton, but he had never seen her abroad in his life. Her bonnet looked ten years old. Her daughters were named—at least, they were called—Flore and Kitty; Kitty being the sickly one. To see Mrs. Baynton arrive thus, Jan jumped to the conclusion that Kitty must be dying.

"Is she ill again?" he hastily asked, with his usual absence of ceremony.

"She's gone," gasped Mrs. Baynton.

"Gone—dead?" asked Jan, with wondering eyes.

"She's gone off with the Mormons."

Jan stood upright against the counter, and stared at the old lady. He could not understand.

"Who is gone off with the Mormons?" was his rejoinder.

"Kitty is. Oh, Mr. Jan, think of her sufferings? A journey, like that, before her! All the way to that dreadful place! I have heard that even strong women die on the road of the hardships."

Jan had stood with open mouth. "Is she mad?" he questioned.

"She has not been much better than mad since—since—but I don't wish to go into family troubles. Can you give me Dr. West's address? She might come back for him."

Now Jan had received positive commands from that wandering physician not to give his address to chance applicants; the inmates of Chalk Cottage having come in for a special interdiction. Therefore Jan could only decline.

"He is moving about from one place to another," said Jan. "To-day in Switzerland, to-morrow in France; the next day in the moon, for what we can tell. You can give me a letter, and I'll try and get it conveyed to him, somehow."

Mrs. Baynton shook her head.

"It would be too late. I thought if I could telegraph to him, he might have got to Liverpool in time to stop Kitty. There's a large migration of Mormons to take place in a day or two, and they are collecting at Liverpool."

"Go and stop her yourself," said Jan, sensibly.

"She'd not come back for me," replied Mrs. Baynton, in a depressed tone. "What with her delicate health and what with her willfulness, I have always had trouble with her. Dr. West was the only one—but I can't refer to those matters. Flore is broken hearted. Poor Flore! she has never given me an hour's grief in her life. Kitty has given me little else. And now to go off with the Mormons!"

"Who has she gone with?"

"With the rest from Deerham. They have gone off in the night. That Brother Jarrum and company of about fifteen, they say."

Jan could scarcely keep from exploding into laughter. Part of Deerham gone off to join the Mormons!

"Is it a fact?" cried he.

"It is a fact that they are gone," replied Mrs. Baynton. "She has been out several times in an evening to hear that Brother Jarrum, and had got infected with the Mormon doctrine. In spite of what I or Flore could say, she would go to listen to the man, and she grew to believe the foolish things he uttered. And you can't give me Dr. West's address?"

"No, I can't," replied Jan. "And I see no good that it would be to you, if I could. He could not get to Liverpool in time, from wherever he may be, if the flight is to take place in a day or two."

"Perhaps not," sighed Mrs. Baynton. "I was unwilling to come, but it seemed like a forlorn hope."

She let down her old crape veil as she went out at the door; and Jan, all curious for particulars, went abroad to see what he could learn.

About fifteen had gone off, not including children. Grind's lot, as it was called, meaning Grind, his wife, and their young ones; Davies had gone, Mary Green had gone, Nancy from Verner's Pride had gone, and sundry others whom it is not necessary to enumerate. It was said that Dinah Roy made preparations to go, but her heart failed her at the last. Other accounts ran that she did start, but was summarily brought up by the appearance of her husband, who went after her. At his sight she turned without a word, and walked home again, meekly submitting to the correction he saw fit to inflict. Jan did not believe this. His private opinion was, that had Dinah Roy started, her husband would have deemed it a red-letter day, and never have sought to bring her back more.

Last, but not least, Mrs. Peckaby had *not* gone. No; for Brother Jarrum had stolen a march upon her. What his motive, in doing this might be, was best known to himself. Of all the converts, none had been so eager for the emigration, so fondly anticipative of the promised delights, as Susan Peckaby; and she had made her own private arrangements to steal off secretly, leaving her unbelieving husband to his solitary fate. As it turned out, however, she was herself left; the happy company stole off, and abandoned her.

Brother Jarrum so contrived it, that the night fixed for the exodus, was kept secret from Mrs. Peckaby. She did not know that he had even gone out of the house, until she got up in the morning and found him absent. Brother Jarrum's personal luggage was not of an extensive character. It was contained in a blue bag, and this bag was likewise missing. Not, even then, did a shadow of the cruel treachery played her, darken the spirit of Mrs. Peckaby. Her faith in Brother Jarrum was of an unlimited extent; she would as soon have thought of deceiving her own self, as that he could deceive. The rumor that the migration had taken place, the company off, awoke her from her happy security to a state of raving torture. Peckaby dodged out of her way, afraid. There is no knowing but Peckaby himself may have been the stumbling block in the mind of Brother Jarrum. A man so dead against the Latter Day Saints as Peckaby had shown himself, might be a difficult customer to deal with. He might be capable of following them and upsetting the minds of all the Deerham converts, did his wife start with them for New Jerusalem.

All this information was gathered by Jan. Jan had heard nothing for many a day that so tickled his fancy. He bent his steps to Peckaby's, and went in. Jan, you know, was troubled neither with pride nor ceremony; nobody less so in all Deerham.—Where inclination took him, there went Jan.

Peckaby, all black, with a bar of iron in his hand, a leather apron on, and a broad grin upon his countenance, was coming out of the door as Jan entered. The affair seemed to tickle Peckaby's fancy as much as it tickled Jan's. He touched his hair.

"Please, sir, couldn't you give her a dose of jalap, or something comforting o' that sort to bring her to?" asked he, pointing with his thumb indoors, as he stamped across the road to the forge.

Mrs. Peckaby had calmed down from the rampant state to one of prostration. She sat in her kitchen behind the shop, nursing her knees and moaning. Mrs. Duff, who, by Jan's help, had survived the threatened death from "cholic," and was herself again, stood near the sufferer, in company with one or two more cronies. All the particulars, Susan Peckaby's contemplated journey, with the deceitful trick played her, had got wind; and the Deerham ladies were in consequence flocking in.

"You didn't mean going, did you?" began Jan.

"Not mean going!" sobbed Susan Peckaby, rocking herself to and fro. "I did mean going, sir, and I'm not ashamed on it. If folks is in the luck to be offered a chance of Paradise, I dun know many as ud say they wouldn't catch at it."

"Paradise was it?" said Jan. "What was it chiefly to consist of?"

"Of everything," moaned Susan Peckaby. "There isn't a thing you could wish for under the sun, but what's to be had in plenty in New Jerusalem. Dinners and teas, and your own cows, and big houses and parlors, and gardens loaded with fruit, and garden stuff as decays for want o' cutting, and veils when you go out, and evening dances, like the grand folks here has, and new caps perpetual! And I have lost it! They be gone and have left me!—oh, o-o-oh!"

"And husbands, besides; one for everybody!" spoke up a girl. "You forgot that, Mrs. Peckaby."

"Husbands besides," acquiesced Susan Peckaby, aroused from her moaning. "Every woman's sure to be chose by a saint as soon as she gets out. There's not such a thing as a old maid there, and there needn't be no widders."

Mrs. Duff turned up her nose, speaking wrathfully at the girl.

"If they call husbands their paradise, keep me away from 'em, say I. You girls be like young bears—all your troubles have got to come. You just try a husband, Bess Dawson; whether he's a saint, or whether he's a sinner, let him be of a cranky temper, thwarting you at every trick and turn, and you'll see what sort of a paradise marriage is! Don't you think I'm right, sir?"

Jan's mouth was extended from ear to ear, laughing.

"I never tried it," said he. "Were you to have been espoused by Brother Jarrum?" he asked of Susan Peckaby.

"No, sir, I was not," she answered, in much anger. "I did not favor Brother Jarrum. I'd prefer to pick and choose when I got there. But I had a great amount of respect for Brother Jarrum, sir, which I'm proud to own. And I don't believe that he has served me this shameful trick of his own knowledge," she added, with emphasis. "I believe there has been some unfortunate mistake, and that when he finds I'm not among the company he'll come back for me. I'd go after them, only that Peckaby's on the watch. I never see such a altered man as Peckaby: it had used to be as I could just turn him round my little finger, but he won't be turned now."

She finished up with a storm of sobs. Jan, in an ecstacy of mirth yet, offered to send her some cordials from the surgery, by way of consolation: not, however, the precise one suggested by Peckaby. But cordials had no charm in that unhappy moment for Mrs. Peckaby's ear.

Jan departed. In quitting the door he encountered a stranger, who inquired if that was Peckaby's shop. Jan fancied the man looked something the cut of Brother Jarrum, and sent him in. His coat and boots were white with dust. Looking around on the assembled women when he reached the kitchen, the stranger asked which was Mrs. Peckaby. Mrs. Peckaby looked up, and signified that she was.

"I have a message from the saint and elder, Brother Jarrum," he mysteriously whispered in her ear. "It must be give to you in private."

Mrs. Peckaby, in a tremble of delight, led the stranger to a small shed in the yard, which she used for washing purposes, and called the back'us. It was the most private place she could think of in her fluster. The stranger, propping himself against a broken tub, proceeded, with some circumlocution and not remarkable perspicuity of speech, to deliver the message with which he was charged. It was to the effect that a vision had revealed to Brother Jarrum the startling fact, that Susan Peckaby was *not* to go out with the crowd at present on the wing. A higher destiny awaited her. She would be sent for in a different manner—in a more important form; sent for special, on a quadruped. That is to say, on a white donkey."

"On a white donkey?" echoed the trembling and joyful woman.

"On a white donkey, gravely repeated the brother—for that he was another brother of the community, there could be little doubt. "What the special honor intended for you may be, me and Brother Jarrum don't pretend to guess at. It's above us. Maybe you are fated to be chose by our great prophet hisself. Any how, its something at the top of the tree."

"When shall I be sent for, sir?" eagerly asked Mrs. Peckaby.

"That ain't revealed neither. It may be next week—it mayn't be for a year; you must always be on the look-out. One of these days or nights, you'll see a white donkey a-standing at your door. It'll be the messenger for you from New Jerusalem. You mount him without a minute's loss of time, and come off."

But that Mrs. Peckaby's senses were exalted, just now, far above the level of ordinary mortals', it might have occurred to her to inquire whether the donkey would be endowed with the miraculous power of bearing her over the sea. No such common question presented itself. She asked another.

"Why couldn't Brother Jarrum have told me this hisself, sir? I have been a'most mad this morning, ever since I found as they had gone."

The brother—this brother—turned up the whites of his eyes.

"When unknown things is revealed to us, and mysterious orders give, they never come to us a minute before the time," he replied. "Not till Brother Jarrum was fixing the night of departure, did the vision come to him. It was commanded him that it should be kept from you till the rest were off, and then he were to send back to tell you—and many a mile I've come! Brother Jarrum and me has no doubt that it is meant as a trial of your faith."

Nothing could be more satisfactory to the mind of Mrs. Peckaby, than this explanation. Had any mysterious vision appeared to herself, showing her that it was false, commanding her to disbelieve it, it could not have shaken her faith. If the white donkey arrived at her door that very night, she would be sure to mount him.

"Do you think it 'll be very long, sir, that I shall have to wait?" she resumed, feverishly listening for the answer.

"My impression is, that it 'll be very short," was the reply. "And it's Brother Jarrum's also. Any way, you be on the look-out—always prepared. Have a best robe at hand, continual, ready to clap on, the instant the quadruped appears, and come right away to New Jerusalem."

In the openness of her heart, Mrs. Peckaby offered refreshment to the brother. The best her house afforded: which was not much. Peckaby should be condemned to go foodless for a week, rather than that *he* should depart fasting. The brother, however, declined: he appeared to be in a hurry to leave Deerham behind him.

"I'd not disclose this to anybody if I was you," was his parting salutation. "Leastways, not for a day or two. Let the ruck of 'em embark first at Liverpool. If it gets wind, some of them may be for turning crusty, because they are not favored with special animals, too."

Had the brother recommended Susan Peckaby to fill the tub with water, and stand head downwards in it for a day or two, she was in the mood to obey him. Accordingly, when questioned by Mrs. Duff, and the other curious ones, what had been the business of the stranger, she made a great mystery over it, and declined to answer.

"It's good news, by the signs of your face," remarked Mrs. Duff.

"Good news!" rapturously repeated Susan Peckaby, "it's heaven. I say, Mother Duff, I want a new gownd: something of the very best. I'll pay for it by degrees. There ain't no time to be lost, neither; so I'll come down at once and choose it."

"What *has* happened?" was the wondering rejoinder of Mother Duff.

"Never you mind, just yet. I'll tell you about it afore the week's out."

And accordingly, before the week was out, all Deerham was regaled with the news; full particulars. And Susan Peckaby, a robe of purple of the stuff called lustre, laid up in state, to be donned when the occasion came, passed her time, night and day, at her door and windows, looking out for the white donkey that was to bear her in triumph to New Jerusalem.

*A fact.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SURPRISE FOR MRS. TYNN.

In the commodious dressing-room at Verner's Pride, appropriated to its new mistress, Mrs. Verner, stood the housekeeper, Tynn, lifting her hands and her eyes. You once saw the chamber of John Massingbird, in this same house, in a tolerable litter: but that was as nothing, compared with the litter in this dressing-room, piles and piles of it, one heap by the side of another. Mary Tynn stood screwed against the wainscoting of the wall: she had got in, but to get out was another matter: there was not a free place where she could put her foot. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it could not be called litter, and Mrs. Verner and her French maid would have been alike indignant at hearing it so classed. Robes of rich and rare texture; silks standing on end with magnificence; dinner attire, than which nothing could be more exquisite; ball dresses in all sorts of gossamer fabrics; under-skirts, glistening with their soft lustre; morning costumes, pure and costly; shawls of Cashmere and other *recherche* stuffs, enough to stock a shop; mantles of every known make; bonnets that would send an English milliner crazy; veils charming to look upon; laces that might rival Lady Verner's embroideries, whose price was fabulous; handkerchiefs that surely never were made for use; dozens of delicately-tinted gloves, cased in ornamental boxes, costing as much as they did; every description of expensive chaussure; and trinkets, the drawn cheques for which must have caused Lionel Verner's sober bankers to stare. Tynn might well heave her hands and eyes in dismay. On the chairs, on the tables, on the drawers, on the floor, on every conceivable place, and space they lay, a goodly mass of vanity, just unpacked from their cases.

Flitting about amidst them, was a damsel of coquettish appearance, with a fair skin, light hair, and her nose a turn-up. Her grey gown was flounced to the waist, her small cap of lace, its pink strings flying, was lodged on the back of her head. It was Mademoiselle Benoite, Mrs. Verner's French maid, one she had picked up in Paris. Whatever other qualities the damsel might lack, she had enough of confidence. Not many hours yet in the house, and she was assuming more authority in it than her mistress did.

Mr. and Mrs. Verner had returned the night before, Mademoiselle Benoite and her packages making part of their train. A whole fourgon could not have been sufficient to convey these packages from the French capital to the frontier. Phœby, the simple country maid whom Sibylla had taken to Paris with her, found her place a sinecure since the engagement of Mademoiselle Benoite. She stood now on the opposite side of the room to Tynn, humbly waiting Mademoiselle Benoite's imperious commands.

"Where on earth will you stow 'em away?" cried Tynn, in her wonder. "You'll want a length of rooms to do it in."

"Where I stow 'em away!" retorted Mademoiselle Benoite, in her fluent speech, but broken English. "I stow 'em where I please. Note you that, Madame Teen. Par exemple! The chateau is grand enough."

"What has its grandeur got to do with it?" was Mary Tynn's answer. She knew but little of French phrases.

"Now, then, what for you stand there, with your eyes staring and your hands idle?" demanded Mademoiselle Benoite sharply, turning her attack on Phœby.

"If you'll tell me what to do, I'll do it," replied the girl. "I could help to put the things up, if you'd tell me where to begin."

"I like to see you dare to put a finger on one of these things!" returned Mademoiselle Benoite. "You can confine your services to sewing, and to waiting upon me; but not you dare to interfere with my lady's toilette. Tiens, I am capable, I hope! I'd give up the best service to-morrow where I had not sole power! Go you down to the office, and order me a cup of chocolate, and wait you and bring it up to me. That maudite drogue, that coffee, this morning, has made me as thirsty as a panthere."

Phœby, glancing across at Mrs. Tynn, turned somewhat hesitatingly to pick her way out of the room. The housekeeper, though not half understanding, contrived to make out that the morning coffee was not approved of. The French mademoiselle had breakfasted with her, and, in Mrs. Tynn's opinion, the coffee had been perfect, fit for the table of her betters.

"Is it the coffee that you are abusing?" asked she. "What was the matter with it?"

"Ciel! You ask what the matter with it!" returned Mademoiselle Benoite, in her rapid tongue. "It was everything the matter with it. It was all bad. It was drogue, I say; medecine. There!"

"Well, I'm sure!" resentfully returned the housekeeper. "Now, I happened to make that coffee myself this morning—Tynn, he's particular in his coffee, he is—and I put in—"

"I not care if you put in the whole canastre," vehemently interrupted Mademoiselle Benoite. "You English know not to make coffee. All the two years I lived in London with Madame la Duchesse, I never got one cup of coffee that was not enough to choke me. And they used pounds of it in the house, where they might have used ounces. Bah! You can make tea, I not say no; but you cannot make coffee. Now, then! I want a great number of sheets of silk paper."

"Silk paper?" repeated Tynn, whom the item puzzled. "What's that?"

"You know not what silk paper is!" angrily returned Mademoiselle Benoite. "*Quelle ignorante!*" she apostrophized, not caring whether she was understood or not. "*Elle ne connait pas ce que c'est, papier-de-soie!* I must have it, and a great deal of it, do you hear? It is as common as anything—silk-paper."

"Things common in France mayn't be common with us," retorted Mrs. Tynn.—"What is it for?"

"It is for some of these articles. If I put them by without the paper-silk round them in the cartons, they'll not keep their color."

"Perhaps you mean silver-paper," said Mary Tynn. "Tissue-paper, I have heard my Lady Verner call it. There's none in the house, Madmisel Bennot."

"Madmisel Bennot" stamped her foot. "A house without silk-paper in it! When you knew my lady was coming home!"

"I didn't know she'd bring—a host of things with her that she has brought," was the answering shaft launched by Mrs. Tynn.

"Don't you see that I am waiting! Will you send out for some?"

"It's not to be had in Deerham," said Mrs. Tynn. "If it must be had, one of the men must go to Heartburg. Why won't the paper do that was over 'em before?"

"There not enough of that. And I choose to have fresh, I do."

"Well, you had better give your own orders about it," said Mary Tynn. "And then if there's any mistake, it'll be nobody's fault, you know."

Mademoiselle Benoite did not on the instant reply. She had her hands full just then. In reaching over for a particular bonnet, she managed to turn a dozen or two on to the floor.

Tynn watched the picking-up process, and listened to the various ejaculations that accompanied it, in much grimness.

"What a sight of money those things must have cost!" cried she.

"What that matter?" returned the lady's maid. "The purse of a milor Anglais can stand anything."

"What did she buy them for?" went on Tynn. "For what purpose?"

"*Bon!*" ejaculated Mademoiselle. "She buy them to wear. What else you suppose she buy them for?"

"Why! she would never wear out the half of them in all her whole life!" uttered Tynn, speaking the true sentiments of her heart. "She could not."

"Much you know of things, Madame Teen!" was the answer, delivered in undisguised contempt for Tynn's primitive ignorance. "They'll not last her six months."

"Six months!" shrieked Tynn. "She couldn't come to an end of them dresses in six months, if she wore three a day, and never put on a dress a second time!"

"She want to wear more than three different a day sometimes. And it not the mode now to put on a robe more than once," returned Mademoiselle Benoite, carelessly.

Tynn could only open her mouth.

"If they are to be put on but once, what becomes of 'em afterwards?" questioned she, when she could find breath to speak.

"Oh, the good for jupons—petticoats, you call it. Some may be worn a second time; they can be changed by other trimmings to look like new. And the rest will be good for me: Madame la Duchesse gave me a great deal. '*Tenez ma fille*,' she would say, '*regardez dans ma garde-robe, et prenez autant que vous voudrez.*' She always spoke to me in French."

Tynn wished there had been no French invented, so far as her comprehension was concerned. While she stood, undecided what reply to make, wishing very much to express her decided opinion upon the extravagance she saw around her, yet deterred from it by remembering that Mrs. Verner was now her mistress, Phœby entered with the chocolate. The girl put it down on the mantelpiece; there was no other place: and then made a sign to Mrs. Tynn that she wished to speak with her. They both left the room.

"Am I to be at the beck and call of that French madmizel?" she resentfully asked.—"I was not engaged for that, Mrs. Tynn."

"It seems we are all to be at her beck and call, to hear her go on," was Mrs. Tynn's wrathful rejoinder. "Of course it can't be tolerated. We shall see in a day or two. Phœby, girl, what could possess Mrs. Verner to buy all them cart loads of finery? She must have spent the money like water."

"So she did," acquiesced Phœby. "She did nothing all day long but drive about from one place to another and choose pretty things. You should see the china that's coming over!"

"I wonder Mr. Lionel let her," was the thoughtlessly spoken reply of Tynn. And she tried, when too late, to cough it down.

"He helped her, I think," answered Phœby. "I know he bought some of that beautiful jewelry for her himself, and brought it home. I saw him kiss her through the doorway, as he clasped that pink necklace on her neck."

"Oh, well, I don't want to hear about that rubbish," tartly rejoined Tynn. "If you take to peep through doorways, girl, you won't suit Verner's Pride."

Phœby did not like the rebuff. She turned one way, and Mrs. Tynn went off another.

In the breakfast-room below, in her charming French morning costume, tasty and elegant, sat Sibylla Verner. With French dresses, she seemed to be acquiring French habits. Late as the hour was, the breakfast remained on the table. Sibylla might have sent the things away an hour ago: but she kept a little chocolate in her cup, and toyed with it. She had never tasted chocolate for breakfast in all her life, previous to this visit to Paris: now she protested she could take nothing else. Possibly she may have caught the taste for it from Mademoiselle Benoite.—Her husband sat opposite to her: his chair drawn from the table, and turned to face the room. A perfectly satisfied, happy expression pervaded his face: he appeared to be fully contented with his lot and with his bride. Just now he was laughing immoderately.

Perched upon the arm of a sofa, having there come to an anchor, his legs hanging down and swaying about in their favorite fashion, was Jan Verner. Jan had come in to pay them a visit and congratulate them on their return. That is speaking somewhat figuratively, however; for Jan possessed no notion of congratulating anybody. As Lady Verner sometimes resentfully said, Jan had no more social politeness in him than a bear. Upon entering, Sibylla asked him to take some breakfast. Breakfast! echoed Jan, did she call that breakfast? He thought it was lunch: it was getting on for his dinner-time. Jan was giving Lionel a history of the moonlight flitting, and of Susan Peckaby's expected expedition to New Jerusalem on a white donkey.

"It ought to have been stopped," said Lionel, when his laughter had subsided. "They are going out to misery, and to nothing else, poor deluded creatures!"

"Who was to stop it?" asked Jan.

"Some one might have told them the truth. If this Brother Jarrum represented things in rose-colored hues, could nobody open to their view the other side of the picture? I should have endeavored to do it, had I been here. If they chose to risk the venture after that, it would have been their own fault."

"You'd have done no good," said Jan. "Once let 'em get the Mormon fever upon 'em, and it must run its course. It's like the gold fever; nothing will convince folks they are mistaken as to that, except the going out to Australia to the Diggings. That will."

A faint tinge of brighter color rose to Sibylla's cheeks at this allusion, and Lionel knit his brow. He would have avoided forever any chain of thought that led his memory to Frederick Massingbird: he could not bear to think that his young bride had been another's before she was his. Jan, happily ignorant, continued.

"There's Susan Peckaby. She has got it in her head that she's going straight off to Paradise, once she is in the Salt Lake City. Well, now, Lionel, if you, and all the world to help you, set yourselves on to convince her that she's mistaken, you couldn't do it. They must go out and find the level of things for themselves: there's no help for it."

"Jan, it is not likely that Susan Peckaby really expects a white donkey to be sent for her!" cried Sibylla.

"She as fully expects the white donkey, as I expect that I shall go from here presently, and drop in on Paynton, on my way home," earnestly said Jan. "He has had a kick from a horse on his shin, and a nasty place it is," added Jan in a parenthesis. "Nothing on earth would convince Susan Peckaby that the donkey's a myth, or will be a myth; and she wastes all her time looking out for it. If you were opposite their place now, you'd see her head somewhere: poked out at the door, or peeping from the up-stairs window."

"I wish I could get them all back again—those who have gone from here!" warmly spoke Lionel.

"I wish sometimes I had got four legs, that I might get over double ground, when patients are wanting me on all sides," returned Jan. "The one wish is just as possible as the other, Lionel. The lot sailed from Liverpool yesterday, in the ship American Star. And I'll be bound, what with the sea sickness, and the other discomforts, they are wishing themselves out of it already! I say, Sibylla, what did you think of Paris?"

"Oh, Jan, it's charming! And I have brought the most enchanting things home. You can come up-stairs and see them, if you like. Benoite is unpacking them."

"Well, I don't know," mused Jan. "I don't suppose they are what I should care to see. What are the things?"

"Dresses, and bonnets, and mantles, and lace, and coiffures," returned Sibylla. "I can't tell you half the beautiful things. One of my *cachepeignes* is of a filigrane silver work, with drops falling from it, real diamonds."

"What d'ye call a cache-peigne?" asked Jan.

"Don't you know? An ornament for the hair, that you put on to hide the comb behind. Combs are coming into fashion. Will you come up and see the things, Jan?"

"Not I! What do I care for lace and bonnets?" ungallantly answered Jan. "I didn't know but Lionel might have brought me some anatomical studies over. They'd be in my line."

Sibylla shrieked—a pretty little shriek of affectation. "Lionel, why do you let him say such things to me? He means amputated arms and legs."

"I'm sure I didn't," said Jan. "I meant models. They'd not let the other things pass the customs. Have you brought a dress a-piece for Deb and Amilly?"

"No," said Sibylla, looking up in some consternation. "I never thought about it."

"Won't they be disappointed, then! They have counted upon it, I can tell you. They can't afford to buy themselves much, you know: the doctor keeps them so short," added Jan.

"I *would* have brought them something, if I had thought of it; I would, indeed!" exclaimed Sibylla, in an accent of contrition. "Is it not a pity, Lionel?"

"I wish you had," replied Lionel. "Can you give them nothing of what you have brought?"

"Well—I—must—consider," hesitated Sibylla, who was essentially selfish. "The things are so beautiful; so expensive: they are scarcely suited to Deborah and Amilly."

"Why not?" questioned Jan.

"You have not a bit of sense, Jan," grumbled Sibylla. "Things chosen to suit me, won't suit them."

"Why not?" repeated Jan, obstinately.

"There never was any one like you, Jan, for stupidity," was Sibylla's retort. "I am young and pretty, and a bride; and they are two faded old maids."

"Dress 'em up young, and they'll look young," answered Jan, with composure. "Give 'em a bit of pleasure for once, Sibylla."

"I'll see," impatiently answered Sibylla. "Jan, how came Nancy to go off with the Mormons? Tynn says she packed up her things in secret, and started."

"How came the rest to go?" was Jan's answer. "She caught the fever, too, I suppose."

"What Nancy are you talking of?" demanded Lionel. "Not Nancy from here!"

"Oh, Lionel, yes! I forgot to tell you," said Sibylla. "She is gone indeed. Mrs. Tynn is so indignant. She says the girl must be a fool!"

"Little short of it," returned Lionel. "To give up a good home here for the Salt Lake! She will repent it."

"Let 'em all alone for *that*," nodded Jan. "I'd like to pay an hour's visit to 'em when they have been a month in the place—if they ever get to it."

"Tynn says she remembers, when that Brother Jarrum was here in the spring, that Nancy made frequent excuses for going to Deerham in the evening," resumed Sibylla. "She thinks it must have been to frequent those meetings in Peckaby's shop."

"I thought the man, Jarrum, had gone off, leaving the mischief to die away," observed Lionel.

"So did everybody else," said Jan. "He came back the day that you were married. Nancy's betters got lured into Peckaby's, as well as Nancy," he added. "That sickly daughter at Chalk Cottage, she's gone."

Lionel looked very much astonished.

"No!" he uttered.

"Fact," said Jan. "The mother came to me the morning after the flitting, and said she had been seduced away. She wanted to telegraph to Dr. West—"

Jan stopped dead, remembering that Sibylla was present, as well as Lionel. He leaped off the sofa.

"Ah, we shall see them all back some day, if they can only contrive to elude the vigilance of the Mormons. I'm off, Lionel; old Paynton will think I am not coming to-day. Good-bye, Sibylla."

Jan hastened from the room. Lionel stood at the window, and watched him away. Sibylla glided up to her husband, nestling against him.

"Lionel, tell me. Jan never would, though I nearly teased his life out; and Deborah and Amilly persisted that they knew nothing. *You* tell me."

"Tell you what, my dearest?"

"After I came home in the winter, there were strange whispers about paps and that Chalk Cottage. People were mysterious over it, and I never could get a word of explanation. Jan was the worst; he was coolly tantalizing, and it used to put me in a passion. What was the tale told?"

An involuntary darkening of Lionel's brow. He cleared it instantly, and looked down on his wife with a smile.

"I know of no tale worth telling you, Sibylla."

"But there *was* a tale told?"

"Jan—who, being in closer proximity to Dr. West than any one, may be supposed to know best of his private affairs—tells a tale of Dr. West's having set a chimney on fire at Chalk Cottage, thereby arousing the ire of its inmates."

"Don't you repeat such nonsense to me, Lionel; you are not Jan," she returned, in a half peevish tone. "I fear papa may have borrowed money from the ladies, and did not repay them," she added, her voice sinking to a whisper. "But I would not say it to any one but you. What do you think?"

"If my wife will allow me to tell her what I think, I should say that it is her duty—and mine now—not to seek to penetrate into any affairs belonging to Dr. West which he may wish to keep to himself. Is it not so, Sibylla mine?"

Sibylla smiled, and held up her face to be kissed.

"Yes, you are right, Lionel."

Swayed by impulse, more than by anything else, she thought of her treasures upstairs, in the process of disinterment from their cases by Benoite, and ran from him to inspect them. Lionel put on his hat, and strolled out of-doors.

A thought came over him that he would go and pay a visit to his mother. He knew how exacting of attention from him she was, how jealous, so to speak, of Sibylla's having taken him from her. Lionel hoped by degrees to reduce the breach narrower and narrower. Nothing should be wanting on his part to effect it; he trusted that nothing would be wanting on Sibylla's. He really wished to see his mother after his month's absence; and he knew she would be pleased at his going there on this, the first morning of his return. As he turned into the high road, he met the vicar of Deermam, the Reverend James Bourne.

They shook hands. And the conversation led, not unnaturally, on the Mormon flight. As they were talking of it, Roy, the ex-bailiff, was observed crossing the opposite field.

"My brother tells me the report runs that Mrs. Roy contemplated being of the company, but was overtaken by her husband and brought back," remarked Lionel.

"How it may have been, about his bringing her back, or whether she actually started, I don't know," replied Mr. Bourne, who was a man with a large, pale face and iron-gray hair. "That she intended to go, I have reason to believe."

He spoke the last words significantly, lowering his voice. Lionel looked at him.

"She paid me a mysterious visit at the vicarage the night before the start," continued the clergyman. "A very mysterious visit, indeed, taken in conjunction with her words. I was in my study, reading by candle-light, when somebody came tapping at the glass-door, and stole in. It was Mrs. Roy. She was in a state of tremor, like I have heard it said she appeared the night the inquiry was held at Verner's Pride, touching the death of Rachel Frost. She spoke to me in ambiguous terms of a journey she was about to take—that she should probably be away for her whole life—and then she proceeded to speak of that night."

"The night of the inquiry?" echoed Lionel.

"The night of the inquiry—that is, the night of the accident," returned Mr. Bourne. "She said she wished to confide a secret to me, which she had not liked to touch upon before, but which she could not leave the place without confiding to some one responsible, who might use it in case of need. The secret she proceeded to tell me was—that it was Frederick Massingbird who had been quarrelling with Rachel that night by the willow pool. She could swear it to me, she said, if necessary."

"But—if that were true—why did she not say it at the time?" asked Lionel, after a pause.

"It was all she said. And she would not be questioned. 'In case o' need, sir, in case anybody else should ever be brought up for it, tell 'em that Dinah Roy asserted to you with her last breath in Deerham, that Mr. Fred Massingbird was the one that was with Rachel.' Those were the words she used to me; I dotted them down after she left. As I tell you, she would not be questioned, and glided out again almost immediately."

"Was she wandering in her mind?"

"I think not. She spoke with an air of truth. When I heard of the flight of the converts the next morning, I could only conclude that Mrs. Roy had intended to be among them. But now, understand me, Mr. Verner, although I have told you this, I have not mentioned it to another living soul. Neither do I intend to do so. It can do no good to reap up the sad tale; whether Frederick Massingbird was, or was not with Rachel that night; whether he was in any way guilty, or was purely innocent, it boots not to inquire now."

"It does not," warmly replied Lionel. "You have done well. Let us bury Mrs. Roy's story between us; and forget it, so far as we can."

They parted. Lionel took his way to Deerham Court, absorbed in thought. His own strong impression had been, that Mr. Fred Massingbird was the black sheep, with regard to Rachel. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

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THE INDIAN OUTBREAK.

At a recent "Relief Meeting" in Chicago, Mr. Woodbury made the following statement relative to the recent Indian outbreak in Minnesota:—

"He (Mr. Woodbury) had resided at Anoka, Minnesota, and upon the breaking out of the Indian troubles in the North-West, visited the scene of depredations, but the result was far greater than he anticipated. He believed that the country was now reaping the result of their wrongs to the Indians. The agents who had early been there were unprincipled men. The Indians had been swindled, and the small confines to their reservations broken in. One great cause of the trouble was the disappointment of the Indians not receiving their yearly payments. They assembled at the usual time, but failing to be paid, were disappointed, and of course laid the blame to the agents. The trouble grew worse, and finally broke out in open revolt. At one time it was feared that the Chippewas would break out in open revolt, but through the influence of Gov. Ramsey and a delegation with Hole-in-the-Day, it was averted."

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Woodbury in relation to this Minnesota outbreak. Very probably it was instigated by the emissaries of Jeff. Davis—for it would be only of a piece with his acknowledged doings among the Cherokees and Choctaws—but the machinations of the rebels would not have proved so successful, had there not been a prevalent feeling of discontent in which to sow their ruthless and sanguinary counsels. It is to a part of the general misgovernment of the country for the last thirty years that we owe this Indian outbreak. For it is generally believed in the states along our western border, that the sums annually voted by Congress for the payment of the Indian annuities, have been *for years*, in greater part, systematically diverted into the pockets of the government agents of the various tribes. Of course it would be very hard to prove this—these gentlemen being very skilful in "covering up their tracks"—but the common belief is that the charge is substantially correct. Senator Houston, of Texas, whose means of information have been very ample, has always contended that in the numerous disputes between the two races, the whites were nearly always the original aggressors. Some official or unofficial outrage goads the Indians to an outbreak—they then attack indiscriminately all the whites they can meet—and the result is that the whites, for their own protection, have to decree the extermination or utter banishment of the offending tribes.

Friends of ours now residing in dangerous vicinity to the scene of the Minnesota outbreak, and whom we know to be men who would not wrong an Indian any sooner than a white man, unite in saying that the Sioux must be driven from the limits of the state. And while we grant that this may now be a necessity, not the less do we believe that the Sioux have in all probability been

subjected to the same system of plunder and outrage from the agents of the Government, which has been pursued so generally towards the Indian tribes.

The truth is, that underlying all our present troubles, and the direct and indirect sources of the whole of them, are our own injustice and selfishness. Not only as a nation, but as individuals, we have given ourselves up almost exclusively to the pursuit of our own selfish interests. To get money and land—more money and more land—fairly or unfairly—has been the great aim of our people, both as a nation and as individuals. The present time seems to be a great settling day—and all our sins are coming home to us at once. For the Universe is constructed on different principles—on the principles of Justice and Right—and nothing will long stand securely that is built on the basis of injustice and fraud.

It will be a slow work, this coming back to honesty and justice, judging by the amount of official and unofficial peculation that is now going on all around us. One sign that we have come back to them, will be found in the existence of a belief that our public men and office-holders are usually honest, and true to their respective trusts. Now, no one believes this to be generally the case. It is at present the common belief that in the civil government, as well as in the army, there is a vast amount of fraud. Ask the ladies who are interesting themselves in the hospitals, what they think of the honesty of surgeons and quarter-masters, and they probably will express themselves in very unflattering terms relative thereto. One good sign however we do know of, that the honesty of our highest public men, and highest military and naval officers, with a few exceptions, is generally undoubted. This is a cheering fact.

Several things our people have to learn. First, to reject and despise all dishonesty and injustice in the striving after wealth, whether national or individual. Secondly, to learn that the choice of proper rulers and officers is a matter that concerns the dearest interests of every man, and that it is therefore despicable and shameful for any one to make a boast that "he takes no part nor interest in politics." Thirdly, to see to it that the offices of the country are filled with intelligent and honest men—men who will do their duty to the best of their knowledge and ability—and not with mere unprincipled adventurers and dilapaut demagogues, who have neither high character nor true ability, but whose only object is to promote their own selfish interests. Until these things are learned by our people in the hard school of adversity, we shall not be able to enjoy peace and security, whatever may be our apparent power and prosperity. If we have no other enemies, they will continue to be those of our own household. Present events should teach the dullest that it is impossible to preserve a Republican government, except upon the broad basis of general intelligence and general morality. If this broad basis fails, the destruction of the Republic, and it may be of all peace and security, is inevitable.

OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS.

Geo. Francis Train has commenced a lecturing tour in this country against England. He has no cause to love the British, but if he wants to serve his country he will turn his guns against the rebels. There is already ill-will enough between England and America.

So says a contemporary, and we agree with it. We, for one, want no war with England, France, or anybody else. By the time we get through the present conflict, we shall have debt enough, and taxation enough, and sorrow enough, and bloodshed enough, and trouble enough in all ways, to satisfy the most quarrelsome and malevolent. We are opposed to any more fighting just for the purpose of keeping our hand in, or punishing and enlightening foreign folly.

One excellent result the foolish articles in the English journals are working out, and that is our complete emancipation from all mental and colonist bondage to Europe. Our people, especially the scholars and thinkers, no longer care a jot for what the leading English journals say. Their denunciations are now simply food for laughter—we do not even honor them sufficiently to get angry at them. How can we—they are so supremely stupid and ridiculous. Just to think, for instance, of the *London Times* taking the recent outpouring of the militia of this state as a proof of our growing *disloyalty* to the Federal Government! How could we longer have the least respect for the opinions of men who make such monstrous blunders? The song says—

"If you're an angel, where's your wings?"

we may say to the self-esteemed lions of the London press, if you are not donkeys why do you show such long ears?

Mr. Train gets angry at these stupidities—instead of laughing at them. He does not seem to see the good they are doing in redeeming us from our old absurd deference to European opinion—that last relic of the colonial era. He does not see that in this war we are working out our intellectual independence of Europe—and that we have really cause to thank the leading English writers, instead of getting angry with them. Blessed be our enemies—they are doing us more good than they know or mean.

English opinion will be all right, as soon as we thrash the rebels. The *Times* will chop around as suddenly as it did some years ago from Whig to Tory, and preach funeral orations at the grave of the "Southern Confederacy," of the most edifying and instructive character. There is one thing our English friends, like mankind in general, understand perfectly, and that is success—there is no use in trying to enlighten them by any other means, for that is the speediest and surest. In the meantime, so long as it pleases them, and does not hurt us, let them utter any amount of nonsense and absurdity they can think of.

PROFANITY.

The profanity which prevails among soldiers generally, is a thing greatly to be deplored, and the officers should endeavor to banish it from their companies and regiments, not only by precept but by example. We are pleased to see that Gen. Howard has made an effort in the right direction, by issuing the following order:—

General Order No. 29.—The General commanding this division has noticed with extreme pain, on the part of officers and men, the constant and very general use of *profane oaths*. He need not remind any thinking man of the vulgarity and meanness of this practice, nor speak of it as a positive violation of God's law, but will simply appeal to the good sense and better feelings of the members of his command, and urge them by all they hold dear, to abstain from insulting Him whose protection they need. By command of Gen. O. O. Howard.

We hope our other Generals of divisions will follow Gen. Howard's example, and do all they can to discourage so vulgar and shameful a practice.

THE BLACK FLAG.

We see that the rebels are talking about raising the "black flag" in return for the President's proclamation of emancipation. Of course all inhumanity to the prisoners and the wounded, is a game that two can play at. Men that have openly enlisted Indians to fight their battles, and instigated the recent savage massacres in Minnesota, are pretty men to lecture us upon humanity! Let them talk of black flags, or of red flags, there is one flag to which they are bound to come within the next nine months, and that is the white one.

THE PEACE CANARD.

The recent story relative to peace propositions having been submitted by the rebels was doubtless a mere canard, got up either for political or stock-jobbing purposes—probably the latter.

THE LATE INVASION.—Judging from the recent state paper of the Governor of Maryland, the menaced invasion has produced a conviction in that state similar to that which it produced in this, that Maryland and Pennsylvania are essentially one in a military point of view. Gov. Bradford says:—

To Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and the militia of his state, who rallied with such alacrity at the first symptoms of an invasion, our warmest thanks are also due. The readiness with which they crossed the border and took their stand beside the Maryland brigade, *shows that the border is in all respects but an ideal line, and that in such a cause as now unites us, Pennsylvania and Maryland are but one.*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS is a great man. His quarrel is a better and a fairer one than that of WASHINGTON."—*London Morning Herald.*

"Accustomed as we are to the constant boasting of the North, which grows louder and louder in proportion as its prospects grow darker and darker, we read with much pleasure the measured and statesmanlike language in which the Southern President pays a well-earned tribute to the gallantry and good conduct of the troops, deplores the desolating war, and expresses his confidence of a final triumph in the struggle against despotic usurpation."—*London Times.*

But a few years ago this same JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Now held up as the Land of the West's *rara avis*,
Was denounced as an ill-bird, his own nest befouling,
By these lick-spittle sheets that his praises are howling.
In those days, by a clever executive quip, he
Disavowed the just debts of his State—Mississippi—
And from all the good things by true Christians respected,
With St. PAUL held that "*bonds*" might be justly excepted.

Ah! then down on him came both the *Times* and the *Herald*,
How his rogue's back was scored, how his knuckles were feruled.
He was swindler, and shuffler, and knave democratic,
And a dozen of other names equally Attic;
Yea, the whole British press, playing "Follow-my-leader,"
Damned in chorus the yet undeveloped Seceder.

Then was slavery lugged in, and each London diurnal
Swore that robbery was twin to that system infernal;
While the Exeter Hall folk, unable to smother
Their inordinate love for "a man and a brother,"
The South unto Sodom compared, and the sulphur
Professed they could smell, that would surely engulf her;
Yelled the Press, yelled the Church, yelled one-half of the nation,
And the cause was JEFF. DAVIS and REPUDIATION

Once again, as of yore, in a furious chorus,
Do the bellowings resound of the calves of old Taurus;
But alas! all the ire of these creatures is kindled
'Gainst the foes of the man by whose arts they were swindled;
And the "bonds" and the "bondmen" alike are forgotten
As they shout for the Lord of the Limbo of Cotton;
All which proves British sympathy—out on the gammon—
Is a dog-vane swung round by the breathings of Mammon!

—*Vanity Fair.*

SINGULAR FACT.—One day last week a flower resembling a full-blown white rose, was picked from an apple tree on the farm of Harlow Borghardt, in this town, on the road to Egremont. It was nearly two inches in diameter, and consisted of over a hundred leaves. The tree is loaded with small apples, and the singularity of the phenomenon is the subject of much foolish superstition—*Buckshire (Mass.) Courier.*

☞ The prayer of a Unitarian preacher of Fitchburg, Mass., runs as follows: "Oh, God, we pray Thee to bless the rebels. Bless their hearts with sincere repentance. Bless their armies with defeat. Bless their social condition by emancipation."

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

HOW ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND THE ACCOUNT GIVEN OF MELCHISEDEC IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS?—"Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."—Heb. vii. 3.

This verse is admitted by all commentators to be exceedingly difficult, and various modes of elucidation have been suggested; a learned divine tells us that the verse appears from the context to mean this—

1. Melchisedec was "without father;" in other words, he was not a descendant or offspring of Aaron, from whom all *high* priests were descended.

2. He was "without mother," that is, he was not even like the *chief* priests, descended from some female branch of Aaron.

3. He was "without descent," at all. He was not even a *Levite.*

4. He had "no beginning of days," like other priests, who entered upon their office at a fixed period; nor "end of life" that is, there was no limited term of service; but, like Jesus Christ, was altogether different from the ordinary priesthood.

Calmet and various other theological writers are of opinion that Shem, the son of Noah, and the forefather of Christ, was Melchisedec, and chronology favors this opinion.

DID JEPHTHAH REALLY OFFER UP HIS DAUGHTER?—Judges xi. 31.

We believe that Jephthah did not take away the life of his daughter. From the narrative we are led to regard the vow as implying that the object designated was to be offered to God in such a manner as circumstances would permit; had it been an animal not prohibited, then, in fulfillment of the vow, it would have been presented as a sacrifice, but as human sacrifices were in the highest degree offensive to God, Jephthah's daughter, who was the destined offering, was set apart for religious duties in her unmarried state, and as such she passed the remainder of her days unaffianced; and as by this seclusion her hope of establishing a household and ranking among the mothers in Israel, and also of being among the progenitors of the promised Messiah, was destroyed, her companions were accustomed yearly to visit her, to express, we may presume, their sympathy with her seclusion, and their esteem of her filial obedience."

We must not allow this inquiry to terminate without some remarks on the obligation incurred by vows. Men are not at liberty to perform unlawful acts in consequence of having bound themselves by oaths or by vows. They are prohibited by the fact that they were under a prior obligation, which precluded the right of making such vow, or taking such oath. The sin, therefore, consists in making unlawful vows, and not in breaking them. Men may deem it their duty to fulfil an unrighteous vow, but they ought to know that God will accept no action that comes into His presence charged with the murder of other duties.

WHAT IS MEANT BY "THE CHILDREN OF THE DAY?"—1 Thess. v. 5.

In the days of the apostles mankind were classed under three distinctions—the heathens, the Jews, and the Christians; and a few moments' consideration of the privileges they enjoyed will best explain the passage.

The heathens were *children of the night;* for it may be asked, What did they know of God, of themselves, of their origin, of their fall, their recovery, their duty, and their future state?

The Jews were the *children of the dawn;* they were instructed, but it was by types, shadows, and ceremonies.

The Christians are the *children of the day;* because they are fully and clearly instructed in whatever relates to God and their own duty, and in all that pertains to their present and their future welfare: for them "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth."

"And he (Elisha) went up from thence unto Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head * * And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."—2 Kings ii. 23, 24.

Bishop Patrick says the words translated "*little children*" in the Bible have a much wider signification in the original Hebrew. Thus Isaac, when he was *twenty-five* years old, was so called (Gen. xxii. 5, 12); Joseph, when he was *thirty* (Gen. xli. 12); and King Rehoboam, when he was *forty* (2 Chron. xiii. 7).

The word *children* very often means, in the language of Scripture, simply people—as children of Israel, children of light, children of God; and we have examples in our own language. A ward in the Court of Chancery is called an infant, although he may be a powerful man of nearly one-and-twenty years of age.

A VALUABLE CAT.—For some days last week, the servant in a family in this city discovered each morning at the back door of the house a number of apples. She was puzzled to account for the circumstance, until a neighbor discovered a cat bringing an apple by the stem and depositing it at the door, and then going away and repeating the operation. On Saturday morning the Major, who is the owner of this animal, invaluable as a *purveyor*, discovered thirteen pears and an apple, the result of the previous night's foraging of puss. Of strict integrity, our friend investigated the case, and found that this cat, though regardless of the rights of property, was an excellent judge of pears and apples, having selected her plunder from the grounds of Mr. Thomas A. Green, who has had rare success in the culture of fine fruit. The Major made us in a manner *particeps criminis*, by our acceptance of a portion of the spoils and so we tell the whole story.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

☞ It is the feeble, unmasculine men who fight most petulantly against the influence and power of women.

EFFECTS OF THE PRESIDENT'S EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

A Bombshell in the Rebel Camp.

The Richmond Whig of September 30th contains the following:—

In the Rebel Senate on the 29th September, Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, submitted the following joint resolution:—

"Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States, that the Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, issued at the City of Washington, in the year 1862, wherein he declares 'that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated parts of a state, whereof the people shall be in Rebellion against the United States, shall be henceforth and forever free,' is levelled against the citizens of the Confederate States, and as such is a gross violation of the usages of civilized warfare, an outrage on the rights of private property, and an invitation to an atrocious servile war, and *therefore should be held up to the execration of mankind*, and counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as in the judgment of the President may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution."

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, moved that the resolution be referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He was in favor of declaring every citizen of the Southern Confederacy a soldier, authorized to put to death every man caught on our soil in arms against the Government.

Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, said that the resolution had not been drawn without reflection. The question of retaliation was exclusively an Executive one, to be regulated by circumstances. But it was proper that the legislative department of the Government should express its approval of the retaliation contemplated by the resolution.

Mr. Henry, of Tenn., said that the resolution did not go far enough. He favored the passage of a law providing that upon any attempt being made to execute the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, we immediately hoist the "black flag," and proclaim a war of extermination against all invaders of our soil.

Mr. Phelan, of Mississippi, said that he had always been in favor of conducting the war under the "black flag." If that flag had been raised at Manassas a year ago the war would have been ended ere now.

Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, moved that the pending resolution, together with the resolution submitted by him some time since, relative to retaliation, &c., be referred to a select committee of three, and be made the special order for Wednesday next.

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, moved that all of said resolutions be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. This was agreed to.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of President Lincoln's Proclamation, says:—"It ordains servile insurrection in the Confederate States, and is not misunderstood, either North or South. It is a dash of the pen to destroy four thousand millions of our property, and is as much as a bid for the slaves to rise in insurrection, with the assurance of aid from the whole military and naval power of the United States. It speaks of the cruelty in the Administration, and says Butler is a saint, when compared with his master. Our military operations are henceforth to assume a very grave character. The friends of the new programme will necessarily destroy all terms between us. The next campaign will be a tremendous one, both for the magnitude and character of the hostilities. Let our authorities prepare the whole strength of our people for the tremendous shock. The enemy is making great preparations, as well as issuing fiendish proclamations. We must respond with equal energy. If we do not, we shall be lost. But we will do it."

GARIBALDI COMING.

The American Consul at Vienna wrote to Garibaldi, asking him, as he had failed in his patriotic efforts in Italy, if he would offer his valiant arm in the American struggle for liberty and unity, and promising him an enthusiastic reception.

Garibaldi, under date of Sept. 14th, replied:—

"I am a prisoner, and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself.

"However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic, of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty."

The above correspondence appeared in the *Wanderer*, of Vienna.

DRIED FRUIT FOR THE ARMY.—CENTRAL OFFICE, SANITARY COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, Oct. 2nd, 1862.—The inquiry being frequently made whether the Commission wishes to receive apples for the use of the wounded, it should immediately be published, as widely as possible, that dried apples cannot be sent to its depots in t o large quantities. Town and village Relief Societies are requested to make arrangements for paring, cutting, and drying by their members, and such volunteer assistance as they can enlist, and to notify farmers that they will receive such good fruit as they may be disposed to offer and are unable themselves to properly prepare. Dried apples may be sent in barrels or boxes, or in strong bags, marked, "To be kept dry." Dried fruits of other kinds, and all good canned fruits will be very acceptable. FRED. LAW OLMSTED,
General Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA AS A WHEAT GROWER.—The United States Railroad and Mining Register calls attention to the fact that the production of wheat in Pennsylvania exceeds that of all the states North and East of us, including New Jersey, New York and New England. In support of which the Register quotes the following statistics from the census of 1860:—

	Bushels.
Maine,	233,900
New Hampshire,	239,000
Vermont,	434,100
Massachusetts,	119,800
Rhode Island,	1,100
Connecticut,	32,400
New York,	3,681,100
New Jersey,	1,763,100
Total 8 states East of Pennsylvania,	11,521,500
Pennsylvania,	13,045,200

☞ The latest notion of fashionable women in Paris is to carry handsome sticks with jewelled heads and ribbons, in the Charles the Third style.

☞ Stothard learnt the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn-door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

Legislation for Removing Negroes.

[From the Richmond Dispatch, Sept. 27.]

The Union invasion, especially in its relations to negroes, has thus far been a John Brown raid on a grand scale. Wherever the Union armies have advanced, the negroes have been swept off as clean as the Eastern locusts sweep a field of grain. Not one green or black thing is left in the line of the Yankee march, nor in the whole country for many miles around. The Piedmont, the upper valley, the peninsula, the country watered by the Rappahannock and the Potomac, have been stripped of their negro population. This war has assumed the character of a grand negro hunting expedition. Of victories the Yankees have gained few—negroes many. What becomes of the game it is impossible to say, nor is that a matter of much consequence. The loss, however, of so valuable an element of strength and prosperity is a matter of such moment that the Legislature of the state ought at once to take measures for the prevention of similar calamities in the future. This can only be done by a law providing for the removal of negroes from all threatened districts to the interior. It will not do to leave this to the discretion or judgment of the master. In some cases they are too indolent to take the proper precautions for the security of their property; in others they are deluded by implicit confidence in the fidelity of their servants; and, notwithstanding the experience which the war has furnished that the neighborhood of a Yankee army creates as complete a stampede among negroes as the approach of a locomotive among cattle, there are thousands of masters who continue to believe that their servants will not run under similar temptations, and foolishly to expose them to temptation. It is clear, therefore, that there is no security for the negro property of the state unless the Legislature makes the removal of the negroes from districts exposed to invasion compulsory. We trust the necessary action will be taken promptly, for the state has already suffered enormous losses from this cause, which, by precautionary legislation, might have all been prevented.

☞ At a meeting in Milan, Duchess county, a few days since, a lady became so patriotically excited that she rushed upon the stand and made an able and touching address, the result of which was that sixteen young men enlisted on the spot.

☞ The fight at Baton Rouge extended over an area of about one mile square, and in the centre was a grave-yard, where lie the remains of Zachary Taylor, once President of the United States.

☞ In the winter the sun promises his coming by a long morning, but when he comes he shines dimly and sets soon. And so with men, the longer their promises, the poorer their performances.

☞ "VATICAN."—Many who see this word may not understand its import. It is a pile of buildings covering a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 in breadth on one of the seven hills in Rome. The site was once the garden of barbarous Nero. Early in the sixteenth century the Bishop of Rome erected there an humble dwelling. This had been added to by one Pope after another, until it is now one of the most spacious and magnificent palaces, stocked with paintings, statues, books and antiquities of the rarest kind.

☞ In the original army which marched with McClellan to drive the rebels out of Maryland, were included 25,000 of the new levies, and it is conceded that these raw troops fought as well as the veterans—all fought admirably.

☞ "If any of our states or cities or counties raise more than their quota of volunteers for this war, the surplus will be credited to them by the Lord for the eternal war against the Devil," says the Louisville Journal.

☞ A shoe-black at Marseilles publishes a card with promised reward for the discovery of the thief or thieves who broke into his house and stole 3,000 railway shares, worth $300,000. He has blacked boots to some purpose.

☞ Those who go round with the contribution-box in California churches, plead and argue the case at the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue ensued:—Parson L—— extended the basket to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give us something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, good enough, but I am not able to give anything." "Poh! poh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson; but then he ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors." The argument was conclusive.

☞ A scolding wife is generally a high-toned woman.

☞ It only takes a turn of the weather-cock to bring about the millennium. Only let those gusts of virtue, that every man blows upon his neighbor, be turned upon himself, and the thing is done. It's easier than sinning.

☞ A portly young friend of ours the other day contemplated for some minutes the ponderous dimensions of a bystander's feet, and then, in a tone of utter wonder, said, as he surveyed the man's upper works: "You'd have been a mighty tall man if they hadn't bent you off so far up."

☞ THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—Among other celebrities in London is Baron Steiglitz, the great Petersburg banker, who is declared to be the richest individual in the world. His annual income is estimated at two and a half millions of dollars.

☞ The rebels pretend that they set fire to, and blew up the Arkansas themselves. According to their own account, they have now sacrificed three rams as burnt offerings to their god of war.

☞ The rebels at length are commencing to tell the truth, as we find in the rebel papers the following claim: "We claim to have the advantage over the Unionists in chivalry, revelry, devilry, slavery, and cavalry." We are not disposed to dispute with them on any of these points.

☞ One of the complaints filed in an adjoining county of unfitness for military draft, represents the person as having had his brain frozen.

LATEST NEWS.

A VICTORY IN MISSISSIPPI.

VAN DORN, PRICE AND LOVELL DEFEATED WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER.

The Rebel Dead and Wounded Left on the Field---Our Forces in Pursuit.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—Official information has been received here that the rebels, under Van Dorn, Price and Lovell, yesterday attacked our forces at Corinth, but were defeated with great slaughter, and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field of battle.

Our forces are in full pursuit.

CHICAGO, Saturday, Oct. 4.—Dispatches from Cairo to-night say that a battle has been raging in the vicinity of Corinth since yesterday morning. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, which is the date of the latest report from Bethel, the cannonading was still heard. The communication is now cut off at Bethel, consequently we are unable to obtain any particulars. Bethel is twenty miles this side of Corinth.

CAIRO, Oct. 5.—Glorious news has been received from Corinth, Mississippi. The rebels have been completely routed and are retreating. Their loss has been very heavy. Our loss is also very large.

Gen. Dodge sent a message from Columbus to prepare for a large number of wounded.

Generals Price, Van Dorn and Lovell were in command of the rebels, who numbered 40,000.

Our troops are said to have behaved nobly.

CAIRO, Oct. 5.—We can get no distinct account of Friday's battle at Corinth. On Saturday morning Price attacked Rosecrans's right, and Van Dorn and Lovell his left. The assault was made with great determination. At one time our centre was penetrated, and the rebels reached the Corinth House, near the centre of the town. They were driven out at the point of the bayonet.

Van Dorn led his column over an abattis on the left to within fifty yards of a ditch, exposed all the time to a scathing fire of grape and canister, and was driven back by a charge of the 27th Ohio and 11th Missouri. The battle lasted till half-past 11 o'clock, when the rebels commenced a retreat toward the Hatchie river. The number of killed and wounded is not known. The rebel loss is reported much larger than ours.

We have between 700 and 1,000 prisoners, not including the wounded.

Gen. Hackleman, of Indiana, is killed. Gen. Oglesby is dangerously wounded. Cols. Gilbert, Smith and Mower are wounded.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad is not seriously injured. The telegraph line to Corinth has been repaired.

Gen. Hurlbut marched on Saturday to the south side of the Hatchie river, with a large force, thus cutting off Price's retreat.

Gen. Rosecrans moved early this morning to renew the attack.

Cannonading was heard to-day in the direction of the forces.

Price is in the forks of the Hatchie, between Hurlbut and Rosecrans's forces.

The War in Kentucky.

General Morgan arrived at Greensburg, Kentucky, on the 3rd instant, on his retreat from Cumberland Gap. All the artillery, except four 32-pounders, were brought away, and these were rendered useless before being abandoned.

A number of skirmishes have taken place, resulting in the repulse of the rebels, the defeat of the rebel Morgan, and the capture of six hundred prisoners.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 4.—Bardstown advices say that the rebels have from 30,000 to 35,000 men within a circle of eight miles in diameter, around Bardstown, and are cutting new roads from Bardstown to Springfield and Lexington.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 5.—The rebels in large force evacuated Bardstown yesterday morning at 10 o'clock.

Miscellaneous.

A company of the 54th Pennsylvania, doing guard duty on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Pawpaw, between Hancock and Cumberland, were taken prisoners on the 4th inst. by a superior force of rebels. An attack was made about the same time on the rebel camp, and two pieces of artillery with other trophies brought away.

A gentleman of New York has received a letter from an officer in Garibaldi's army, tendering its services to fight for the Union, and asking if the state of New York will accept them.

Advices have been received at St. Louis of an engagement at Neosho, between the Kansas troops and a superior force of rebels.—The Kansas troops were obliged to retire.

A fight is reported at Sarcoxie, Mo., but no particulars have been received.

THE SALE OF STAMPS.—No person in any part of the country has the exclusive agency for the sale of stamps. Any one can obtain the stamps by sending the proper order, with the money, to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 3.—The railroad bridge was completed yesterday, and trains of cars passed over it into Harper's Ferry to-day, with troops and munitions of war and army stores.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer Jura is off Cape Race, bringing news to the 26th ult. The report of the victory of the Union army over Lee had been received and caused great joy among the merchants and others friendly to the Union cause. It had also given an impetus to the cotton market. The Times thinks that Garibaldi will soon cross the Atlantic and fight to "subjugate a nation struggling to be free." The sales of cotton for the week were 10,000 bales.

☞ An afflicted husband tells of his grievances in sorrowful rhyme, thus:

"I've a sour-krout wife,
Who's the pest of my life,
And the worst of all women is she;
For her nature 's not kind,
And I every way find
That she's just the wrong woman for me."

☞ The smallest watch in the London Exhibition is a minute affair, smaller than a pea, set in a ring for a lady's finger: it goes for six hours, and may be purchased for the pretty little sum of £350!

☞ THE COLORING OF JEWELRY.—Jewelry is colored by what is called "gilder's pickle." It consists of alum and salt, each one ounce, saltpetre two ounces, dissolved in one pint of water. The trinkets are boiled in this for a very few seconds, then lifted out and washed. This treatment imparts to them a rich color.

THE SWORD.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

'Twas the battlefield, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red, right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his noble heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honored the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward to insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there, in honor and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER V.

"For ten years I lived with the Chanoinesse Landsberg. My life was as monotonous as could well be conceived. The Chanoinesse was infirm in health, and was obliged for weeks to be alone. Hers was a melancholy page in the history of woman. Here, however, is not the place to relate it.

"Both pride and inclination prevented me from making any steps to return to my husband. I was immovable in my resolution. I would not return to Vienna without him, and I told him I considered our separation a final one. After a while he ceased to urge my return. My face was forgotten at court, and he remained in Rome. I gave myself up entirely to study; I read, I wrote, I improved myself in every way. I did not repine at my lot—but I felt there was a want—I passionately thirsted for happiness. I used to wake at night and find the tears rolling down my cheeks; some sweet, seductive dream had beguiled me in sleep. I had not found out that, after all, my sorrow, my joy, my life itself, was a selfish one.

"Matured in mind and body, I was still as inexperienced as a child. I could have discussed the deepest questions on the most recondite subjects, yet a peasant of twenty, who had loved and held a child on her knee, was more versed in the mysteries of the soul, and had more really developed her being than I, whom Rupert Rabenfels called a Muse.

"As I approach the most painful event of my life, a dread comes over me. I fear to disturb the memories of the past, lest I should come upon the calcined heart among the ashes. My greatest error and my greatest sorrow are here.

"Rupert Rabenfels was a great nephew of the Chanoinesse Landsberg, and a nephew of my husband's. The son of a brother who had died young. In the event of Count Rabenfels leaving no heirs, Rupert was his heir. An entire difference of education, tastes and opinions had divided uncle and nephew. I had never seen him at Vienna; but, during the first years of my residence at Schloss-stein he came occasionally to visit us. He had married very young, and had lost his wife.—Three years after my arrival he brought his little motherless Ida, his only child, to stay with us. A most friendly feeling had always existed between Rupert and his 'aunt,' as he termed me, during these brief visits, but nothing more. During my first enjoyment of independence, I had occupied myself so entirely with studies that books were the realities of my life, and persons took a very secondary position with me. But, after the first 5 or seven years, I became wearied, and, as said before, I yearned to love and be loved. The arrival of this lovely little creature was a boon to me. How very happy it made me. How ceaselessly I watched over her and tended her in all her little childish ailments. She was a very delicate child. I have watched night after night beside her bed; I have held her in my arms for hours when no other place gave her repose; in short, I lived, moved, breathed but for her. When I rose in the morning I devised some service for her by which I could consecrate the day; when I closed my eyes at night, it was with the remembrance of her dear face asleep on its pillow, charming my last conscious thought.

"About this time I received a letter from my husband—a letter which should have touched and softened me. It prayed for my return; it expressed the most unqualified regret for the past, and offered love, devotion, happiness, for the future. I was inexorable. I said I could not and would not forgive. I said that with will, knowledge and courage, a woman could live alone. I should do so. Friendship would console me for the privation of love, and I had friends at Schloss-stein whom I had elected and chosen for myself, with whom I had cast my lot, and I should abide by them. I do not think I should have been so hard, had it not been that I felt it impossible to leave Ida. The strongest feeling of my nature, a capacity for maternal love, was called out for the first time, and I was resolved to indulge it to its full extent.

"This was the turning-point of my life. Rupert was staying at the Schloss at the time. He saw me thoughtfully perusing the letter. The Chanoinesse told him my husband wished for my return.

"He looked eagerly up, and his dark face flushed.

"'You return?'

"'No.' I paused.

"'You are happier here?'

"'Yes, with Ida.'

"'But Ferdinand would allow you, I have no doubt, to take Ida back with you. He seems so sincerely anxious to make you happy,' said the Chanoinesse.

"'Excuse me,' interrupted Rupert, 'no child of mine shall ever live under the same roof as Count Ferdinand. Ida stays here.'

"Those words settled the question. I could not, would not part from Ida. I was as wrong in this resolve as I had been right in the determination of preferring a solitary, dull, but safe home at the Schloss to a luxurious, flattering, perilous one at Vienna. My sense of having been right there, blinded me to the wrong here. The retribution for this act of self-pleasing—this refusal to fulfill a positive duty—was, as you will see, not long delayed.

"The Chanoinesse ridiculed me without ceasing for my love for Ida. She was one of those positive persons who would place limits to everything. As Ida was not my own child, my immoderate love for her seemed unnatural. What cared I? I let her talk, and held Ida only the closer to my heart.—Ida had been with us two years when a few lines from Rupert told us that he was coming for a visit of greater length than usual. He had met with an accident, and thought he had lamed himself for life. He came for rest and to recruit his strength. The Chanoinesse was indignant. She suspected the most extraordinary motives for this visit, though she never approached the right one, but could not avoid receiving him. I was jealous for Ida's sake, lest he should withdraw some portion of her love for me; otherwise I looked forward with pleasure to the arrival of an inmate who would have more mental sympathy with me than I had hitherto met with.

"He arrived. My love for his child was a great tie between us. He and I were naturally thrown much together. We differed entirely in many opinions, but our tastes were alike. Personally, perhaps, no two persons—both handsome—could have pleased each other less; nevertheless, we were attracted to each other.

"It was a peculiarity in my fate that I was always thrown among ambitious people; my husband, my brother, and now this Rupert, who possessed more ambition than any one I ever knew. At first, however, I was only aware of it as the aspiration of a noble nature. He studied me narrowly, and did me the honor to think I could be of considerable use to him. His keen eyes perused my face and watched my gestures. He listened to my conversation, he read to their depths both mind and heart, and saw exactly how he could '*exploiter*' both. I must say, however, not from selfish motives entirely.

"He belonged to one of those secret societies which have so long existed in Germany, Italy and France, who work together for the redemption of nations. His indomitable industry, his cool intellect, his powers of physical endurance, made him one of its most valuable members. It was in an expedition in its service that he had met with the accident which had lamed him. When he arrived he was almost helpless. There was something peculiarly touching to me in the equanimity with which he bore the pain and the privation which it imposed. A strong, healthy man, in the bloom and pride of youth, condemned to months of inactivity, naturally appealed to my womanly compassion. During these months I devoted myself to him. Ida would play round the couch on which he lay, while I nursed him as I had nursed her; or she would sit on my knee with her soft cheek against mine while I read to him.

"For the first time I met with an intelligence which could direct, deepen, and stimulate my own. Rupert soon found that I possessed certain powers which would be useful to him, and he hesitated not to make use of them. A certain ruthlessness, I find, always takes possession of those engaged in secret plots and conspiracies. It is possible that the inadequacy of the means to the great cause they propose to themselves, obliges them to be somewhat unscrupulous, in the use of them. In my lonely life I had cherished dreams such as all Italians cherish.—The independence of Italy, its restoration to its place in the scale of nations, its social regenerations, were watch-words to me. I listened to him with avidity, and with an ardor which delighted him. I worked at his bidding for the cause to which he had devoted himself. I labored in a manner which surprised him. We were always together. I confess, to my shame, that between the care of his child, ministering to his own helplessness, and assisting in the arduous correspondence, plans, designs, &c., which occupied him, I saw little or nothing of the Chanoinesse. I neglected a clear, plain duty for a Quixotic one imposed by myself; but the self-indulgence which thus veiled itself in an appearance of self-sacrifice, was punished as it deserved.

"Rupert had a dramatic facility in assuming any character which answered to the ideal formed in his own mind, of what he ought to be on any given occasion. This differed according to his mood or his purpose. He could be all that was gentle, refined, and tender, or all that was hard, cynical, I might almost say brutal; but the *griffe du tigre* was not at once perceived by me *sous la patte de velours*.

"Nothing at first, however, could be gentler, more like a brother in his relations with a loved and trusted sister. Such an influx of affection as I drew, first from Ida and then from her father, was a boon which to me, who had led hitherto so isolated and unloved a life, seemed inestimable. I was lifted at once into a region of warmth and light out of frozen darkness. The injudicious affections of women are often blamed. Blindness, and a moral perversity of choice, are imputed to us, when our love is fixed on an unworthy object. This may be true in the sense of love proper; there, a personal instinct ought to adjust the moral balance, but in a maternal or sisterly love the rule fails. We love the creatures God has placed near us, and the love itself is such a noble expansion of our whole being, that the merits of the being so loved are transfigured. As the poet says—

"Who cares to see the fountain's very shape,
And whether it be a Triton's or a Nymph's
That pours the foam, makes rainbows all around?

So was it with me. My love for Ida seemed to be increased by my love for her father; my love for Rupert flowed into and exalted my love for his child. I was the companion of both, and towards both I felt a mother's yearning. It was the purest, sweetest, most unselfish feeling of my life. With what joy I found the gift in myself, the capacity for such a love. A man who possesses what he has supposed hitherto to be a barren estate, when he sees the first glimmering of the ore which proclaims a gold mine, may have a similar feeling. It seemed almost fabulous that such a felicity should be mine. I, who was childless, had a child—I, who was brotherless, had found a brother.

"'Santa,' said Rupert to me one day, 'if this life could only continue, what great things we should do. Two such forces, (is not mind a force?) acting in union, might move a world.'

"'Why should it not continue?' I asked.

"He scrutinized my countenance keenly.

"'How totally unlike your sex you are in everything! Above it or below it?' He muttered the last question, but I heard it.

"'Above it by all means,' I answered, laughingly.

"'Have you never loved, Santa? Has love never knocked at that self-sustained heart?'

"'Love never knocks at a door which is closed. It must be open for him to seek to enter.'

"My answer was a quotation from a favorite book.

"'Never! Shall you never love?'

"I shrunk back.

"'I would have loved my husband; as it is, I seek nothing henceforth in life, but a friend's hand to hold—a child's brow to kiss.' I stooped to Ida, who was standing near me, and clasped her in my arms.

"Another day he asked me if I did not regret my gay life in Vienna.

"'Regret? when all my nature there was dormant, and here is developed. I have exchanged emptiness for fulness—barrenness for wealth. A friend, a child whose love can fill my heart—a noble cause to serve—what need I more?'

"Again the same searching look met mine, and seemed to read my heart.

"What a golden friendship I dreamed of! so secure did I feel, that the insurmountable obstacles which divided us would give stability and security to our affection, and place it on a height above all the fever and transitoriness of passion. I dreamed of being the friend of Rupert here and hereafter;—of loving his wife, should he ever marry again, of cherishing Ida as mine, of following from my retirement his brilliant and successful career, of receiving occasional visits from him and his, in the far future years, which would be the Sabbaths of my life, and give him repose after the fatigues and labors of his. Fool, fool, that I was! His heart was too cold—his principles too wavering, to be capable of steadfast feeling or enduring affection.

"His nature ignored all affections but one. He could enjoy a kind of 'camaraderie' with many, but this was all inspired and enjoyed by the head, the heart was capable but of one sentiment. Madame Serrano, my brother's first love, whose beauty and witchery had increased with every year, had inspired him with the only emotion of which he was capable. A sentiment which she irritated in every way; fed, but did not satisfy; encouraged, but did not return. It was to be near her that he came to us. She had taken a house in our neighborhood. She was the most accomplished coquette in the world, with a soft suggestive manner which every man could interpret as he liked best. She was not deceitful, but she had that sympathetic organization, and that strong inherent love of pleasure, which gave her power to invest herself, at the moment, with the character which was most attractive to the one whom she wished to please. I heard a great deal of her from Rupert; he and her husband were first cousins, and though I was directly opposed to her in character and manner, conceived a great admiration for her. I believe she was in truth, a gentle and amiable person; that to seek to win the love and admiration of all, was as natural to her as for a flower to turn to the light, and I am quite certain she did not measure the wrong she did. She imagined that he could limit himself to the harmless feeling for her, which she entertained for him, and which their relationship sanctioned. She could not conceive the bitterness of the unsatisfied longing she excited. It was like a child playing with gunpowder, but the explosion did not injure herself. Had she only deprived me of Rupert, I could have joyfully forgiven her, but with Rupert I lost my Ida!

"I am speaking of all these things, however, with the lucidity which after-experience gave me. At the time—though I had a confused and mystic apprehension of evil—I had moments and hours of exquisite happiness. No human beings can develope themselves without being the happier for it. Growth is the most felicitous condition of humanity. 'Yes,' I thought, in my proud, foolish heart, 'now my life is as it should be. I have linked it to a public aim, and I have scope for those energies and abilities, which equally belong to both men and women. My heart is rich in the affections I have chosen for it. If all women could know, will, and dare, they would be free and happy. Why abide by the fate chosen for us when we were too young to choose for ourselves? Development is the duty of all.' So it is, but not a one-sided development. With the mind, the soul should grow; and I had forgotten that the human soul can only develope in conformity with the will of God. For our mind's sake let us give free scope to the artistic tendencies we may possess; but side by side with this is the plain duty, to know mercy and walk humbly with God.

"There was, however, an under-current of discomfort and mortification in this life. I was continually receiving anonymous letters, in which I was, by turn, threatened, accused and warned. In these letters, I was told, I was considered in love with Rupert;—it was proved to me that all suspected it, and that he himself was careless who knew it. It was pointed out to me that however confidential and intimate our relations might be in private, in public he lost no opportunity of slighting me, and showing his want of respect and esteem for me,—that my husband was aware of my conduct, &c. I would tear up these letters, generally, with great indifference and contempt. Some, however, struck home. They were artfully managed, and with a knowledge of both Rupert's character and mine, and the arrows reached their aim.

"Like all persons who are much absorbed in themselves, Rupert was peculiarly neglectful of little courtesies and ordinary conventionalities. For any advantage to his secret pursuits he would not have hesitated to ask me to do the most extraordinary things. We often sat up all night in the library, writing, discussing, making out accounts. I have ridden thirty miles from the Schloss at a late hour (I was a practised and intrepid rider) to bear some message or give some letter for emissaries, bound on various errands,—traversed Italy, France, and Germany, in every direction. My pride—the greatest fault in my character—had certainly been offended by accidental neglects, which were probably unintentional on his part, but which cut not the less deep. Sometimes I would expostulate severely; he would answer carelessly, and that was all. Except, however, for these trifling vexations, my life was a paradise, for Ida was blooming into health and beauty at my side. Yet I was conscious that a few grains of dust had accumulated between the leaves of the book of friendship we held between us. The book itself was soon to be cast aside.

"The Chanoinesse was unsparing in her comments. She disliked her nephew, and was jealous of my affection for him. She did not understand it. She was not cognizant of the political secret which bound us together, and, judging from externals, thought I was losing myself from pure benevolence.

"'My dearest Santa,' she would say to me, 'I tell you, beware of Rupert! I know him; he will throw you aside when he has done with you.'

"No, dear aunt, he has a true regard and affection for me; besides, what of him? Let him leave me, Ida—I ask for no more.'

"'True regard! true fiddlestick! He is not capable of friendship for a woman. He may deceive himself in thinking he has a friendship for a woman he loves, but he has no feeling whatever for a woman he cannot love; and you, Santa, are a woman he never could love—you are antipathetic to him, I can see.'

"I laughed.

"'Personally, perhaps; but I am quite sure we have strong mental sympathies, and what does it signify? I have no wish but to be his friend. Were it not for Ida, to whom as a woman I can be of more service than if I were a man, I should wish to be a man for Rupert's sake, I could help him more. I would rather be his brother than his sister, for instance. But, after all, it matters little, as affection like ours is sexless.'

"'Dear Santa, I feel sure that *you* are sexless in his eyes from his want of personal attraction towards you, and from the very uses to which he puts you, but I am not so sure seeing the strong affection for him which is impressed in all you do and say, that he conceives that he is sexless in yours.'

"I started up.

"'You are entirely, absolutely wrong. Under ordinary circumstances such a mistake might be made—men are vain and women are imprudent—but I cannot believe that any man of Rupert's experience would fall into such an error. If not error, it would be the excess of baseness. Listen to me,' I said, and I held both her hands and looked into her eyes, and made her look into mine; 'I do not pretend to much heart experience, my life has been a peculiar one, but I am quite sure that in love, properly so called, there is a timidity, a consciousness, a coquetry, as different as possible from the frankness, the transparent unreserve, the careless ease of friendship. I should as soon have thought of adorning myself to look well in my own eyes or in Ida's, as in those of Rupert. Every woman in love is a coquette with the man she loves. And what is the sin of the coquette? That she wears this expression for several, and gives a promise she does not intend to fulfill. After such an intimacy as ours he must suppose me the worst, the most shameless, or the most foolish of women to imagine such a thing for a moment. He knows me too well.'

"'You think so; he may appreciate the powers of your mind, he may be aware of your vehement, impatient disposition, he may like your cheerful temper, your demonstrative nature, which knows neither reticence nor art, but he will never understand your soul. Some men can never understand some women. They have no standing point from which they can measure them. I tell you—Beware, Santa!'

CHAPTER VI.

"A few days after this I heard a conversation which shocked me. We had a few guests staying at the Schloss; the Chanoinesse was ill; I had done my best for their entertainment. Rupert was absent on a visit to the Serranos. Now he had somewhat recovered, his absences were frequent, but Ida was usually left with me.

"'They seem a very happy *menage*,' said one lady to another who had a large family of daughters, and had been disappointed that one was not Rupert's wife.

"'It is shameful of the Chanoinesse to permit it,' said another. 'A woman separated from her husband—quite a revolutionary, strong-minded woman—to occupy a young man like that, the heir of this magnificent property! She might obtain a divorce and marry him.'

"'Their studies are of a kind—'

"And the silence was filled up, I imagine, with the most expressive gestures of disgust.

"'She is handsome,' said a man, 'but is not a woman to my taste.'

"'One of those women who wear us out or themselves. However, Rupert tells me—'

"They passed on, and I heard no more.

"I was shocked; not so much, God forgive me! at the accusation, as at the idea that Rupert had spoken about me to that man. I smiled at the notion of my being distasteful to him. I suppose no woman in the world has cared less for pleasing for pleasing's sake than I. Kindness I could give to all, but I was too pre-occupied to lay myself out for the sake of winning attention. The only beings one can please without seeking to please are children; their unconscious instinct always directs them unfailingly to those who really love them. All children liked me. Ida loved me with all the warmth of her little heart. My child! my child!—for so she was, if there be truth in love or devotion. How the wound of our separation bleeds still, and will bleed for ever!

"I was grave as I went home. My life had already borne fair blossoms never destined to ripen into fruit. I had seen how my filial, my sisterly, my conjugal love had all perished: either they had fallen from the tree of my life, rudely torn down by the storm of death, or nipped by the frost of life, and I began to tremble for what remained; but here surely was fulfillment. These could not fail me. I was wrong. I was to be stripped bare of all, that I might expiate my folly and presumption, in choosing my own path, in neglecting the duties which belonged to me, to take others which were not mine. My heart was to be emptied, for I had poured away the bitter draught of isolation which God had given me to drink, and I had refilled it with a sweet but pernicious liquid, from an alien source. I had swerved from a positive duty, and presumptuously taken on myself others for which I was not fit. The alien path I had chosen was as full of briers and thorns as the one which had been allotted to me; moreover, it led to an abyss.

"I mentioned nothing to Rupert on his return. I felt a little chilled towards him. He may have thought me captious, but he was cuirassed against all impressions from me. I had not the power to pain him; besides the sponge was not squeezed dry, and could not yet be thrown aside. He had senses and a brain, he had a nervous irritability which gave him the appearance at times of intense sensibility, but there was a sterility in his heart. His whole career has borne the impress of this imperfection on it. All things find their level. Men may be successful, but if there be a want of heart in themselves, their very success wears the stamp of this failure. But alas! why do I talk of failures, whose whole life was a failure?

"Soon after this time I was made anxious and unhappy by the illness of the Chanoinesse. Always suffering and ill, the flickering flame was now about to expire. She increased in tenderness for me, and I felt pained to the heart in thinking how often I had neglected her. Rupert was continually absent now, and we were left much together.

"'Oh, Santa!' she would say tenderly to me, 'I wish I could know you sheltered from the storm that I see coming. The shadows are drawing darkly over the sky, and my death will be the signal for the tempest to fall. You have given your gold for copper, your flowers for thorns—you have held out your hand to give support to another, and you will be cast away yourself.'

"I wondered afterwards if she had had any communication with Rupert. I soothed her as well as I could. She went on:

"'I know you better than you do yourself. You enjoy little things intensely, you have such a vocation for happiness, that sorrow is more keenly felt by you than by most. You place yourself in antagonism with it—you wrestle with it as with a mortal foe—and you think you will overcome it; but even if you do so, you will remain wounded, maimed, mutilated.'

"'I know I am not patient,' I said; 'it is right I should be taught patience.'

"God knows the tears of months were to teach me that lesson. I am delaying the catastrophe—my heart beats as I now write, with the dead, dull pain which came upon me then, and has never left me, since I knew I was to see Ida no more!

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

AN EDITOR'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—At a late printer's festival in Boston, the following capital toast was given:—

The Editor: the man that is expected to know everything, tell all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make known his own character, establish the reputation of his neighbor, and elect all candidates to office; to blow up everybody and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and the epitaph on his tombstone, "Here he lies at last;" in short, he is a locomotive runner on the track of public notoriety; his lever is his pen; his boiler is filled with ink; his tender is his scissors; his driving-wheel is public opinion; whenever he explodes, it is caused by the non-payment of subscriptions.

ENGLISH LADIES.

[FROM A RECENT ARTICLE BY HAWTHORNE, *In the Atlantic Monthly.*]

I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we Western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, not always positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for trampling down a foe. Without anything positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbors, she has the effect of a seventy-four gun-ship in time of peace; for, while you assure yourself that there is no real danger, you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset, if pugnaciously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter-injury. She certainly looks tenfold—nay, a hundredfold—better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womankind, but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional strait that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an overblown cabbage-rose as this.

Yet, somewhere in this enormous bulk there must be hidden the modest, slender, violet-nature of a girl, whom an alien mass of earthliness has unkindly overgrown; for an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow into such an outrageously developed peony as I have attempted to describe. I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the slenderness of his bride, since he led her to the altar, and which make her so much more than he ever bargained for! Is it not a sounder view of the case, that the matrimonial bond cannot be held to include the three-fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? And as a matter of conscience and good morals, ought not an English married pair to insist upon the celebration of a Silver Wedding at the end of twenty-five years, in order to legalize and mutually appropriate that corporeal growth of which both parties have individually come into possession since they were pronounced one flesh? * * * * * *

An American is not very apt to love the English people, as a whole, on whatever length of acquaintance. I fancy that they would value our regard, and even reciprocate it in their ungracious way, if we could give it to them in spite of all rebuffs; but they are beset by a curious and inevitable infelicity, which compels them, as it were, to keep up what they seem to consider a wholesome bitterness of feeling between themselves and all other nationalities, especially that of America. They will never confess it; nevertheless, it is as essential a tonic to them as their bitter ale. Therefore—and possibly, too, from a similar narrowness in his own character—an American seldom feels quite as if he were at home among the English people. If he do so, he has ceased to be an American. But it requires no long residence to make him love their island, and appreciate it as thoroughly as they themselves do. For my part, I used to wish that we could annex it, transferring their thirty millions of inhabitants to some convenient wilderness in the great West, and putting half or a quarter as many of ourselves into their places. The change would be beneficial to both parties. We, in our dry atmosphere, are getting too nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser.—John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few more centuries he will be the earthliest creature that ever the earth saw.—Heretofore Providence has obviated such a result by timely intermixtures of alien races with the old English stock; so that each successive conquest of England has proved a victory, by the revivification and improvement of its native manhood. Cannot America and England hit upon some scheme to secure even greater advantages to both nations?

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, to the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring Peace and Freedom in!

—Atlantic Monthly for October.

OUR BEST BEDROOM.

Twenty years ago, I was a curate in the stirring and noisy manufacturing town of Twistley. The district church to which I belonged was an appendage to the ancient minister of St. Mark the Evangelist, and was called a chapel of ease. But, in truth, there was little ease for any one connected with the edifice, whether lay or clerical. The church was a hideous, red-brick pile, adorned with a portico of raw, gray stone, and was always damp, draughty, and inconvenient to preacher and congregation. The district was large and unhealthy, comprising the worst portion of the suburbs, and the curates were miserably paid by doles from various bounties and societies. All things considered, there were pleasanter pieces of preferment in the church than that which I, in common with two other young clergymen, enjoyed at Twistley.

I hope these preliminary remarks will not be misconstrued; I do not desire to be taken for a clerical Sybarite, intent upon loaves and fishes, but negligent of the calls of duty. It was not the work that we murmured at, but the darkling atmosphere of smoke and fog, the moist air of the swampy plain and sluggish river, the dull, sad monotony of the ill-built town, and the phalanx of evil, on which our feeble efforts seemed to make no impression. In truth, a manufacturing town, twenty years back, before emigration and the repeal of the Corn Laws had lightened the burden of the poor, was not exactly an agreeable field for labor. Fierce and sullen discontent seemed the normal condition of many who are now in a healthier and kindlier frame of mind, and we had no docile flock to attend to. It was scarcely pleasant to be involved in endless arguments, here with a furious Leveller, there with a disciple of Cloots; to be reviled as hypocrites when we meant nothing but good, or to be dubbed oppressors when our hearts were aching at the sight of the unrelieved misery around us. We had little to give, for our pay was low; and it was no easy matter, in especial for Jones and myself, who were married men, to make both ends meet in a place so dear as Twistley. Lester, the other curate, was single, and had some allowance from his father; but we two Benedicts were almost entirely dependent on our salary, and our shabby black coats grew shabbier and whiter about the seams every day. Of preferment we had little hope; not one of us had any interest with those who had benefices to bestow, and we could not reasonably expect promotion for some years at least.

Thus far the prologue. My story really begins with the moist and fast-darkening winter afternoon when Jones and I were returning, wet and tired, from our rounds in the suburb. The day had not been a pleasant one. First, Jones had been posed in argument by a wandering lecturer, a clever and unscrupulous fellow, who had contrived to turn the laugh against the curate, though most unfairly in a logical point of view. Next, I had been severely mauled in a controversy by a Mormonite cobbler, who pelted me with garbled texts, and refused to hearken to the right version. Thirdly, we had seen household after household hungry and despairing, without the power of rendering any material help, for it was a time of dearth, and great numbers were suffering cruel distress; so we were rather out of spirits, and walked slowly.

As we passed through the High street, we met a tall, gentlemanly man, with bushy gray whiskers and a thoughtful face, who bowed to Jones, and looked hard at me, as he made way for us on the pavement.

"What a remarkable face!" I exclaimed; and indeed it was so. Very delicate were the finely cut features, very bright the eyes, and very pleasant the momentary smile of the stranger as he greeted Jones, but there was something curious and odd in the general effect for all that. I could not analyse the impression which this gentleman's look made upon me, but it was hardly an agreeable one.

"That's Mr. Staunton," said Jones. "I wonder what brings him to Twistley on this damp, dark day. He very seldom comes over; and, indeed, it is a long drive to Staunton Dene."

"Staunton Dene?" said I. "Is not that the place we had a distant view of from the top of Carsewell Hill, when we took that tremendous "constitutional" last summer—the grand old house among those noble beech-woods, with the park lying beyond, and the glittering lake peering out among the clumps of heavy timber? He lives there, then?"

"He lives there," said my companion, "at least till his nephew, the present baronet, comes of age, which I believe will be two years hence. He is his guardian, and has the management of the property, which is a splendid one, by all accounts. I have heard—but you know how gossiping tongues will run on—that Mr. Richard Staunton was bitterly disappointed when his brother, Sir John, married very late in life. Sir John was a sad rake, though he could not do much harm to the property, which was strictly entailed, and it was thought that Mr. Richard was sure of the title and lands. But Sir John astonished everybody by marrying some one much below his own station—the daughter of a tradesman or farmer, I believe—and when he died, three years later, he left a son to succeed him."

"So this Mr. Staunton had the care of the young heir?" said I carelessly.

"Not of the heir, though he had full power over the property," returned Jones, who was a sort of living chronicle of all that concerning his acquaintances. "The mother, a sensible, good woman, devoted herself to the task of bringing up her son, and I have heard that the boy turned out very well indeed. Poor soul, she died six months since; and now I suppose the nephew must be under the uncle's care till he comes of age."

All this did not interest me much, but out of civility to Jones I suppressed a yawn, and remarked that Mr. Staunton had the look of a very superior man.

"So he is," said Jones—"a great traveller, and took the highest honors at Oxford. He's a chemist, too, and well up in all the ologies, about which folks, like you and me, Harper, know so little. I met him years ago at a watering-place, and he is very polite, as you saw, but we have never got beyond the preliminaries of acquaintanceship."

We had by this time got past the region of shops and sound pavements, and were picking our way through the mud and rubbish heaps of the outskirts. My lodgings were in Paradise Row, and those of Jones in Waterloo Cottages. The Row was the nearer of the two, and I asked Jones to stop for a cup of tea. It was half past five o'clock, and we had dined at one. Jones accepted my modest invitation, and we turned the corner, and beheld a tall gentleman, evidently a stranger to the locality, heedfully scrutinizing the fronts of the little houses of the Row.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jones, "there is Mr. Staunton again. What can he possibly want here?"

It did seem odd. Paradise Row consisted but of six houses, one of which belonged to the decent widow whose lodgings I and my family occupied; while the other five respectively appertained to a tailor, a dancing-master, a washerwoman, a master blacksmith, and a carpenter, who called himself somewhat ambitiously, a cabinetmaker and undertaker. Unless Mr. Richard Staunton, by some strange chance, required the services of one of these useful artisans or artists, it was unintelligible that he should be there. Staunton Dene had no connection with Twistley. It had its own cathedral town, nine miles off, its own market town within half that distance. It did not seem probable that the temporary master of the old Hall was likely to seek sartorial aid, or tuition in dancing, or even neat mangling and careful clear-starching in Paradise Row. "Why, as I live," said Jones, "as I live, he's going to call upon *you*." And indeed the tall gentleman was very deliberately manipulating the rusty little knocker of Number Six.

"Pooh! nonsense. It must be Mrs. Parks that he wants to speak to," said I, with a beating heart, though why my heart should have throbbed one second the quicker because a stranger of station and education paid me a call, may seem incomprehensible to those who do not know how welcome is any break in a monotonous life.

At any rate, Mr. Richard Staunton, after a brief colloquy with the check-aproned little maid who answered his rap, was admitted, and the door closed on his tall form.

"Some mistake," said I, ponderingly; "I wonder whom he is looking for."

Jones was quite eager to solve the enigma, so we hurried on, my companion suggesting as he went two hypothesis—one that I might have known Mr. Staunton, and forgotten him; the other, that he might have known my wife in by-gone days. At any rate we found him seated in our small and dingy sitting-room, which looked all the smaller and dingier for his stately presence, while opposite to him sat poor Clara, trying very hard to keep the children quiet, and to seem at her ease. Clara was the best and dearest of little women, but she could not help feeling ashamed of the mean apartment and its poor furniture, as Mr. Richard Staunton blandly surveyed it through his heavy gold-rimmed glasses. And yet there was something very winning in the manner in which the visitor rose to receive Jones and myself. He said, with a very pleasing frankness, that he felt some explanation of his presence was needed—that I was no stranger to him, by report at least; and that he had lately seen my former college tutor, Mr. Gidley, whose warm eulogiums on my classical attainments and moral character had induced him to seek my personal acquaintance, and to decide on making me the offer which he was about to suggest.

"Briefly, then, Mr. Harper, I may inform you that Sir Frederick, my nephew and ward, has large ecclesiastical preferment at his disposal, and is, in fact, patron of four livings. One of these, as you are perhaps aware, is the valuable rectory of Bullingdon, on the banks of the Thames— I see, Mr. Harper, you *do* know the spot."

Know the spot? I should think I did, for my poor father had been vicar of a neighboring parish; and as a child and a school-boy, I had been used to consider the rector of Bullingdon, with his glebe, his handsome house, almost hidden by rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, with the smoothest of lawns, the mellowest of peach-walls, and the snuggest of stables, as a prince of the church. The great and small tithes, taken together, made up a fat and comfortable income, equal to that of most deans. But this living had long been enjoyed by the Honorable and Rev. Cecil Dozey, D. D., and I knew that the old gentleman was still alive and hale.

"That benefice," resumed Mr. Richard, with a gentle sigh, "is not vacant. But Oakleigh Parva, fifteen miles from this, in the hill-country, *is* mine to bestow, Mr. Thrump, the late incumbent, having accepted a colonial bishopric. The house is pretty good; the garden is a fine one; the duties—though I hardly know the amount of the population—are not onerous; and the stipend is four hundred and twenty, which Easter-offerings may— I see you are impatient. Would it be worth your while to accept Oakleigh Parva?"

Worth my while! The room seemed to whirl round and round before my eyes, and I hardly know whether, in the access of my surprise, I was not guilty of some very extravagant conduct. Consider, dear reader, I had but a hundred as curate of St. Mark's chapel of ease, and a wife and two children pining in shabby-genteel poverty and failing health, and who was I to be indifferent to such a shower of gold, to such a sunbeam of prosperity! I think I was a little faint and giddy for a moment, for I remember Clara, crying herself, poor thing, but with tears of joy, loosening my neckcloth, while Jones—a good fellow quite devoid of jealousy, and who was magnanimous enough not to grudge this wonderful windfall that had fallen into another's lap—patted me kindly on the shoulder, and wished me joy.

"There is one condition, and only one," said Mr. Staunton, when I had recovered my composure, "and that will not, I trust, appear a hard one. My nephew, Sir Frederick, as whose guardian it is my privilege to give away the living in question, is in delicate, almost feeble health, in spite of the very great care with which his excellent mother—of whom he has lately been bereaved—brought him up. He is a youth of very high promise, and of a gentle and engaging disposition, but perhaps oversensitive, and requires regular study and cheerful quiet. In two years, as you are perhaps aware, he will come of age; but in the meantime it would be well that he should be prepared by tuition and example for the high position which he must ere long be called upon to fill."

How beautifully Mr. Richard Staunton spoke, not pompously in the least, but with a graceful stateliness quite bewitching. A most superior man! Even his face, which I had not, to own the truth, much liked at first sight, now seemed to me to wear the impress of every noble sentiment and candid virtue. He was my benefactor; I saw him with a golden aureola round his intelligent head; and his bright, restless eyes, sharp chin, and beetling brows, no longer inspired the vague dislike with which they had at first struck me. He went on to say that he should esteem it as a favor if I would take charge of the young heir, watch over him, read with him, and direct his studies. A horse, if I approved this proposition, was to be kept for the young man's use, and I was to receive for expenses, and my salary as tutor, two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

"In two years, Mr. Harper," said the guardian, "your pupil—if you agree to my wish—will arrive at man's estate. He will owe a debt of gratitude to the kind care of Mrs. Harper and yourself, which the mere money-payments can never cancel. And who knows—that old Dr. Dozey, who must be much beyond the allotted threescore and ten, cannot always hold the living of Bullingdon. But there is one stipulation—Oakleigh, though healthy, is bleak, and my nephew is accustomed to a more sheltered abode—his room, if you please, *must* have a south aspect, and be airy and large, with a good fire-place."

Of course we made no objection. If Mr. Staunton had stipulated that we should camp, gipsy fashion, in the woods about the vicarage, I believe Clara and I would have agreed, so eager were we to get away to this new Land of Promise. I could not but feel that the salary offered for my care of the young baronet was a liberal one, and I had not much doubt that I was a sufficiently good scholar to be his tutor, though I felt rather awkward as I mentioned, that of modern tongues I was almost wholly ignorant. My wife, too, was a little nervous at the idea of the responsibility we were about to incur, but the beneficent visitor gently ridiculed our scruples.

"Sir Frederick," said he, "has been for years abroad, with his mother, and is well versed in modern languages, but his classical education has been comparatively neglected. His studies in history, too, are probably somewhat backward; but it was the dying wish of my poor sister-in-law—a most excellent woman—that he should enter parliament, and assume that position which belongs to the head of the Stauntons. And I am sure, that Mrs. Harper, in spite of her youth, is the best of nurses in sickness, and—"

Just then in came the little maid with the tea-tray, and my wife looked a little confused and guilty at the sight of the thick bread and butter, the black tea-pot of Staffordshire make, and the mugs of milk and water for the children. But our guest put her at her ease by declaring himself tired and thirsty, and by asking, with a kind of gay seriousness, if I may use such a paradox, for a cup of tea. He had his cup of tea, praised its flavor, and accommodated himself amazingly well to the coarse brown sugar and the dull tea-spoon of German silver. During the meal, he talked away our remaining scruples so skillfully and genially, that we began (Jones included) to consider ourselves as predestined to develope the embryo greatness of the young county magnate whom our roof was to harbor; I assumed the didactic mien of a Johnson, while Clara put on her most matronly airs.

"And now, with your kind permission, I must tear myself away; your delightful society has already caused me to forget the flight of time," said Mr. Staunton at last; "but we shall meet again ere long, and my solicitor, Mr. Stokes, will call on you to adjust all needful formalities. Good-bye, Mrs. Harper. Mr. Harper, allow me to shake your hand; and yours also, Mr. Jones; and you, my little dears, will perhaps make an old gentleman happy with a kiss."

This last speech was addressed to my two little girls, aged respectively five and six; but I regret to state that these young ladies demurred, not from habitual coyness, for they were generally friendly enough with our guests, but from some curious antipathy which they had taken to our distinguished visitor. They clung to their mother's knees, cast furtive glances of infantine terror at the stranger, and sobbed out a vehement refusal to make Mr. Richard Staunton happy with a kiss.

But little Emma and little Kitty remained in the minority; the rest of us broke into a unanimous pæan of praise, as soon as Mr. Staunton's stately form, a little, just a very little, stooped by years and study, had vanished down the dim vista of Paradise Row. Our benefactor, could we say too much in his honor! Such a noble, kind-hearted, discriminating personage. He was so thoughtful, so considerate a patron, that his frank affability lightened the load of obligation which he conferred. His solicitude for his nephew's welfare, too, did him infinite credit. I mentioned Jones's scrap of gossip respecting Mr. Richard's reported disappointment at his brother's marriage and the birth of the heir, and we all agreed—Jones as well as Clara and I—that Mr. Richard was a pattern uncle and a model gentleman, and that common fame had basely calumniated his generous disposition. Presently, Jones wished us good-night, and went off, and we were left to wonder and to talk, and, I hope, to give thanks that gushed from the heart, and uplifted themselves whither thanks should be paid, for the wondrous fortune that had fallen to our lot. Tears rise to my eyes still, as memory carries me back to that happy evening, when we sat, hand in hand, my young wife and I, talking in whispers, because our hearts were so full of a joy that had something solemn in it. It was then that Clara, after the children had been put to bed, timidly told me of motherly fears, long hidden in her own bosom, lest Emma and Kitty should be taken from us; it was then that she bade me remark—me whose perceptions had been dulled by hard work and daily cares—how very thin and pale were those pretty little faces, how large and hollow the thoughtful eyes, how frail the tenure of life, of our darlings, sickening in the unwholesome air of smoky Twistley. They wanted many things, those tender blossoms, which my lean purse and our melancholy place of residence denied them. Better clothing, good medical care, pure air, playfellows, the fresh, bright country-life—these had been sorely needed; but what was unattainable to the curate's children, would be within the reach of the vicar's daughters. In the health, the plenty, and the freedom of Oakleigh Parva, Kitty and Emma would expand like flowers in the sunshine; and, to cut matters short, so it proved. Mr. Stokes the lawyer came duly to communicate Mr. Staunton's intentions. These were surprisingly liberal. He would advance me the money requisite to purchase the furniture of Mr. Thrump, the outgoing vicar, now bishop of Calicut; this loan I might repay by moderate instalments from the stipend, and was to bear no interest. I scarcely knew how sufficiently to thank the worthy friend who had thus relieved me from the last of my difficulties, for I was quite unprovided with the necessary six hundred pounds, and should have had to borrow at a high rate, but for Mr. Staunton's thoughtfulness.

I was presented and inducted by the bishop, on production of my testimonials, without any demur; and as soon as a curate could be found to supply my place, we took leave of our friends and Twistley, and joyfully removed to our new abode. The parsonage was a pretty house, in good repair, standing on a rising-ground, that overlooked the thatched roofs and farmsteads of the hamlet of Oakleigh Parva. The parish was wide, but the population small, and the church a thoroughly rustic one. There was no resident squire, but most of the land belonged to the Stauntons, whose ancestral residence, however, Staunton Dene, was nearly ten miles off, and was severed by other properties from this outlying estate. Oakleigh Parva had been a portion of the confiscated possessions of the church, and had belonged to the great monastery which stood at Twistley ages before a factory chimney arose in the place. The ruins of the succursal cell, called the "Monks' House," were still distinctly visible in an orchard within rifle-shot of the parsonage. The gray stones lay in shapeless heaps among the gnarled old apple-trees. As for our new dwelling, it was very snug, though built in the reign of James the First; and the children screamed with delight when they saw its high-pitched roof, quaint porch, matted with sweetbriar and woodbine, the trim lawn and shrubberies, the huge old sun-dial, that had told of the sun's march for centuries, the big old tithe-barn, and the paddock starry with daisies.

The rooms were for the most part small, but very comfortable, with their oak wainscots, and the Rev. Mr. Thrump's furniture was better than any that we had had the use of during our married life. Anything so heartfelt as the happiness of Clara and the children, on settling, I never beheld. There was no great hurry, for it was yet early spring, and our important pupil was not to come to us till the summer, but still we thought it best to assign his room at once.

"It *must* be the green room, my dear," said Clara, making an inroad into the "study"—how little had I dreamed, two months earlier, of such learned retirement!—where I sat penning the first sermon I was to preach in the little pulpit of Oakleigh Parva—"it *must* be the green room, my dear. No other will do at all."

I was called back from the Lamentations of Jeremiah by this address, and smiled as I told Clara I would "leave it to her."

"But *do* come, Philip—ah! but you must, to please me," coaxed Clara, "for no other room in the house will do for Sir Frederick, and this is *such* a nice one. Do come."

So I did what any sensible man would have done under the circumstances, I laid down my pen, and obeyed.

The chamber alluded to was a very nice room indeed; it was on the first floor; it was large and airy, considering the antiquity of the house; and it had three windows, half hidden by the ivy without, but on which the yellow sunbeams fell pleasantly.

"A south aspect, Philip," said Clara, magisterially—"you know Mr. Richard Staunton was so *very* particular about a south aspect for his nephew's apartment." The windows looked on the pretty garden, where the birds were singing their spring hymns already, and whence in due season the sweet scent of all the profusion of old-fashioned flowers would mount to this favored chamber. They faced due south, and commanded a fine view. The room was well furnished, having a tremendous mahogany four-poster of the Georgian epoch, silk curtains, and plenty of chairs, chests of drawers, and toilet-tables, a big pier-glass, and a soft carpet. No other room in the house had so many presses and cupboards; no other room in the house was so handsomely appointed. It was really, as Clara remarked, too pretty for the abode of a bachelor and a stripling.

"And yet, Philip dear, there is no other that I can think of. The red room where we sleep faces east, you know; and the children's nursery would not do at all; and the blue room and that which the pink roses on the walls are too shabby and small; and, in fact, nothing but this will serve. See what a rich paper too, and how well it matches that lovely carpet and the curtains!"

It was a handsome paper, dark green in color, but not sombre, being of a rich, deep emerald hue, and of what is called "velvet flock," the most costly and elaborate of all papers. I quite agreed with my wife that we could not possibly put our delicate pupil in any other room than this; and it was accordingly resolved that the green chamber should henceforth be known by the style and title of Sir Frederick's room.

It was in good order, or would be so when a few purchases, such as a shower-bath and the like, had been made. But the bell-wire proved to be broken, and we had to get it repaired as best we might. There was, of course, no bell-hanger in Oakleigh Parva, and none in the neighboring village of Brambridge; but in Brambridge there was a blacksmith, who could, at a pinch, execute the desired repair, and I gave the necessary instructions to this descendant of Tubal Cain.

"Umph!" said the man; "very well, sir. And so 'tis here the young Sir is to sleep; rather he than I, that's all *I* knows." And the smith whistled a few bars as he unstrapped his wallet of tools. My curiosity was piqued—I asked for an explanation; but Jonathan Brown, shoeing-smith, was not willing to be communicative. He only growled out that "luck was luck," and that "a most o' folke" had died, to be sure, in that chamber, on which some thought the "old monk's curse lay special heavy."

An old woman of the village proved more garrulous: she explained that the prior of the little monastic community, having been expelled with violence by the Stauntons, under warrant from King Henry VIII., had laid a solemn curse on them and theirs, on the acres reft from the monks, and on the parsonage, which was to be given to a heretic incumbent. It was still firmly believed by the more superstitious villagers that at irregular periods the shadowy form of a ghostly monk, in cowl and robe of serge, passed noiselessly through the vicarage house and the haughtier mansion of Staunton Dene, blighting those he breathed upon, and that death never failed to attend his boding presence. Several deaths had occurred in the green chamber in particular, chiefly those of young members of the family, and for the most part blooming girls, who had faded and pined under "the curse," until their dim eyes had looked their last at the emerald-tinted walls.

I did my best to keep these fantastic rumors from coming to Clara's ears, lest they should alarm her. For myself, I was rather annoyed than impressed by them. I was not by any means of a superstitious turn of mind, and I quietly set down the legend as an absurdity unworthy of a second thought. We were very, very happy at Oakleigh Parva; my wife recovered her good looks and sunny smile, both of which had become rarer than in her early life, and the children soon grew rosy and plump of form, and throve wonderfully. Our new home, indeed, might have satisfied the cravings of much more fastidious folks than we were. The people about us, though ignorant, were generally well disposed and grateful for any little kindness. It was such a pleasure, to Clara in especial, to meet with smiling faces and good-humored nods and ducks of welcome at the cottage thresholds, that we felt as if we were among old friends again. So the spring melted into summer, and on the last day of June our charge arrived.

Sir Frederick's personal appearance surprised us at first. We had, of course, sketched an ideal portrait of the young baronet, giving him, equally as a matter of course, with very light hair, very blue eyes, a feminine delicacy of feature, and a sickly pallor. The real Sir Frederick was a tall, dark-haired stripling, with a grave and handsome face, rather sunburned, but by no means indicative of a tendency to phthisis. I could not at first comprehend why Mr. Staunton should be so very urgent on the score of his nephew's chamber having a warm aspect, since, so far as I could tell, the young man's lungs were as sound as my own. He was slight of build, however, and by no means robust; but what puzzled me most was the air of reserve, so unusual at his years, and which was quite free from that awkward shyness so common with striplings. Sir Frederick *was* reserved to a degree that chilled the warmth of our reception of him, and, though perfectly polite, gave an unpleasant impression of being continually on his guard. He was accompanied by his travelling tutor, a gentleman whose connection with his pupil would terminate from the moment of his arrival under our roof. This tutor, whose name was Peters, and who had been appointed by Mr. Staunton to his present post, appeared a dry, hard man, who did his duty mechanically, but no more. He consigned the young baronet to our care with much the formality of a conscientious messenger giving up the custody of valuable property, and I half wondered whether he would not end by asking me for a receipt for Sir Frederick Staunton. However, after dinner, and declining our offer of a bed, Mr. Peters took a cold farewell of his late pupil, and rattled off in his post-chaise.

That evening was duller than we had expected. Sir Frederick's reserve did not melt, and his cautious manner and chilly politeness threw a damp over us all. I am wrong, though, when I say all; Emma and Kitty, whimsical as children often are, took very kindly to this cold-mannered stripling, refused to be daunted by his grave looks, and tyrannically demanded that he should look at all their picture-books and playthings, besides extorting a promise that he should tell them some "pretty stories." It was very odd. There was Mr. Richard, talkative, bland, and beaming benevolence at every word, and those graceless little damsels had refused to be friendly with that admirable man; his nephew arrives, melancholy, grim, and taciturn, and the little witches take a fancy to him at once, and coax him in some marvellous manner of their own, into a smile that seemed rare on his bronzed face.

But Clara and I were not very well pleased. My wife had been preparing to be so good and motherly to the sick boy, to humor him, to coax him into health, and to bear patiently with his whims and probable peevishness, that she felt terribly snubbed by the cold and distant courtesy of our young guest. She pronounced a private opinion that the late Lady Staunton must have brought him up most injudiciously. She thought him "haughty." I could not pronounce so positively on his character; he was a problem to me.

When Sir Frederick retired to rest, of course I went up stairs to see if he was comfortable, and to ask him how he liked his room, which he had not yet seen. He cast a quick glance round it, and I saw him shiver.

"You are cold?" said I, and indeed the day had been rainy, and I recollected that Sir Frederick had spent most of his life in Italy.

"Not exactly cold," he answered, musingly; "but I seemed to know this room.—Strange! I suppose I dreamed of some place like it, or I may have seen its likeness in travelling."

I did not catch the drift of this, but I expressed a hospitable hope that the young man had everything he wanted.

"Everything, thank you. I have been brought up very plainly and quietly, and shall not, I hope, give much trouble. I am afraid I am putting you to inconvenience by occupying so large a room."

To this I rejoined that his uncle had expressly stated his wish that he should have a room with a southern aspect and of good size.

"Ah!" said the young baronet with a singular expression, "so this apartment was Mr. Richard Staunton's choice?"

And he shivered again, so that I could do no less than offer him a fire. This he declined; but as he kept harping on the subject of his late question, I told him that, so far as I knew, Mr. Staunton had never been at Oakleigh Parva, or at least into the upper story at the parsonage-house, before, but that he had been particular in bespeaking a large room and south aspect for his ward. Here I could not help adding some warm expressions of eulogy on that noble benefactor, who had rescued me and mine from poverty and unwholesome air; but I regretted to find that Sir Frederick by no means partook my enthusiasm.

"Is he at Staunton Dene, at present, Mr. Harper?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Mr. Richard Staunton."

I replied that he was not there, and that the last letter I had received from him was dated from the Highlands.

"You have not, I believe, seen much of your uncle?" said I.

"Not much. Now I am his ward, I shall perhaps see more," said Sir Frederick drily; and we parted for the night.

The next morning found our new charge the same as ever, cold, civil, and shrinking from any approach to intimacy, but with a kind smile and a kind word for the children. Only the latter circumstance, I believe, prevented Clara, who was very impulsive, from absolutely detesting our guest. The little

ones, as I have said, took to him from the first, and so did a big spaniel about the house, which had been left behind by the Rev. Gideon Thrump, now Bishop of Calicut. But the servants were evidently afraid of him, probably on account of his precocious gravity and the chilly polish of his manners. He was very well bred, having mixed, though sparingly, in the best foreign society, and had nothing awkward or hobbledehoyish in his bearing. His abilities seemed very good, and his information far from scanty. He had travelled and observed much, had read many books, and conversed with many eminent persons; and though his remarks were characterized by great modesty, I felt as if my pupil were in many respects ahead of his master.

But I could not fathom his nature. He was tractable enough, and readily opened his books and submitted to an examination in his classical proficiency, but when I suggested an expedition to Staunton Dene, to have a look at the old Hall which must ere long be his home, he quietly declined. I pressed the point, less from curiosity, than because I had a wish that he should benefit by air and exercise.

"No, Mr. Harper, I would rather not. I will not cross the threshold of that old house—much as I cherish a childish recollection of it—until I enter as its master, if ever I do so." And with these words he turned abruptly away.

Clara and I now agreed that pride, a false, perverted pride, was the true key to the character of this unhappy boy; and I thought it my duty to read him a long lecture on this score, as well as on his evident insensibility to the kindness and affection of his estimable guardian and uncle, Mr. Staunton. He listened to me with perfect equanimity, and then said, with a smile of, I will say, a most provoking character:

"Have you quite finished, Mr. Harper?"

"Quite," said I, sorrowfully.

"I am obliged for your good intentions. Do you happen to know the amount of the rental of the Staunton property?"

"About fifteen thousand a year, or nearly sixteen," said I, much surprised. "But pray, why do you ask?"

Sir Frederick did not seem to hear or heed my query.

"Fifteen thousand a year, or more," he muttered abstractedly, "and large accumulations, I suppose. The stake is a high one. Many a man has sold his soul for less."

And he sauntered off in a way that I could not but feel excessively unbecoming and insubordinate, considering our positions as tutor and pupil. I did not get on very well with my charge. My wife was still less pleased with him, and took little pains to conceal her displeasure. She cared sedulously for his comforts, but as a matter of duty, and we both felt that his presence in the house was distasteful and wearisome. Yet he gave little or no cause for open complaint. He was very courteous to both Clara and me; uniformly kind to the children, who were his staunch friends; kind to the servants, who took an unaccountable fancy to him; kind to the dog, whose whole allegiance was transferred to him. He read as much or as little as he pleased, and at other times he went out alone, on horseback, or on foot with his fishing-rod, and sought the loneliest and wildest nooks in the country-side.

Mr. Staunton sometimes wrote to inquire tenderly concerning his nephew's health and studies; and when I wrote in reply, I always asked Sir Frederick if he had any message to send, but his answer was always a negative.

There seemed to be some charm in this strange young man, visible to every one but my wife and me, for soon the villagers began to speak with praise to me of "young Sir Frederick," and to express bright hopes of the time when he should have the control of his own property. Then, too, I heard for the first time what was surely a calumny, that Mr. Richard Staunton was a hard landlord, mercilessly stern in exacting the last farthing due, no matter what might be the misfortunes of the tenant.

Very strange that; but Clara and I agreed that duty, and a care for his nephew's interests, must be the ruling passion with our benefactor. One day, Clara overheard the children whispering some garbled fragments of the legend of the ghostly monk who was rumored to haunt the parsonage. They had heard an old woman, Dame Bright, tell it to Sir Frederick when he stopped to chat with her at her cottage-door. Now it was this very Dame Bright from whom I had heard the weird tale, of which Clara had hitherto known nothing. Clara, who was gentle enough in general, was very angry now; she was indignant with Sir Frederick for "frightening the children with ghost-stories," and avowed to give him a hearty scolding. But the scolding was deferred, for my queer pupil did not come back at his usual hour, did not come back to dinner; and when he did return at dusk, he was fatigued, wetted through by a storm of rain and hail, and so haggard and wretched of aspect that the chiding words died away on Clara's lips.

"Dear me, how ill the poor boy looks!" exclaimed my wife, as the white, wan face of our guest glanced past the open door. "Do, Philip, make him drink something hot, and change his clothes at once. It's enough to kill him."

And Clara, instead of scolding Sir Frederick, ran to bid Susan get a hot bath ready, and warm the bed in the green room.

The next morning came, and the bell rang for prayers and breakfast, but no Sir Frederick Staunton appeared. I went upstairs, and found the young man very ill and feverish. The doctor was summoned, and the doctor came; not a very learned doctor, perhaps, but of very wide practice in a thinly peopled country—a surgeon named Gooch.

"Ague, not a doubt of it," said Mr. Gooch, when the diagnosis was complete.

"Ague! You think so?" said I, anxiously; and Clara, who was always in terror of scarlet fever and measles, for the little ones' sake, echoed me.

"Think so? sure of it," said the surgeon. "I've been five-and-thirty years a practitioner, and I ought to know. Pooh! my dear madam, no danger—none. I'll set him on his legs again in a jiffy."

And with this pledge, confidently spoken, off cantered the doctor; and presently the doctor's boy came over on his ambling pony with medicaments. Of course I thought it my duty to communicate what had occurred, by letter, to Mr. Staunton. I told him Sir Frederick had been caught in the rain, that he had a slight attack of ague, that all possible care should be taken of him, and that the experienced surgeon of the district felt confident of a speedy cure. I added, to calm Mr. Staunton's natural anxiety, that I would soon write again.

I did soon write again, but not, alas! to communicate any tidings of a reassuring nature; Sir Frederick was very ill indeed, and fast getting worse. Mr. Gooch looked serious and puzzled. He would not admit that he had been wrong about the supposed ague, but he owned that there were singular and peculiar symptoms in the case, and that his experience was at fault.

"He doesn't eat opium, eh?" said the surgeon, mysteriously holding me by the button.

"Opium?" said I; "certainly not; of course not."

"Nor take quack nostrums? nor smoke too much cavendish, eh?"

I answered that Sir Frederick did not smoke, and that I believed him guiltless of the practice of swallowing empirical remedies.

"Umph!" said the doctor, knitting his brows, and scrambling into his weather-stiffened saddle again. The next day he was very minute in his inquiries as to the health of the family and domestics, and, to my no small surprise, insisted on making an incursion into the kitchen, and inspecting the saucepans, the tea-kettle, and all the rest of the culinary apparatus. But whatever he was looking for, he seemed baffled. He pumped himself a glass of fresh, cool water, sipped it, eyed it like a connoisseur examining the beeswing in old port, and set down the glass with a sigh.

"Umph!" said the surgeon again, and off he went, with Care riding behind him on the spavined old bay. That night Sir Frederick was delirious.

Dame Bright, a notable person, half nurse, half charwoman, had been sent for at first to attend on the patient, since our maids were inexperienced in a sick-room; but on the particular night on which the youth's reason began to wander, Clara avowed her firm intention to watch over the sufferer herself. My little wife was very soft-hearted, and I believe her conscience smote her at the idea of having been angry with and averse to this poor, friendless lad, and she insisted on tending him in person. Clara was a capital nurse; and I could not but consent to her undertaking the duty, only bargaining that on the second night I or Mrs. Bright should take her place.

Be that as it may, Clara came down, with a very white face, to call me from the study, where I sat, a little after midnight, busy with letters and accounts. The house, of course, had been long hushed, but I could not bear to rest when Clara was wakeful and busy. My wife's pale cheeks startled me.

"Come, come," she said; "I am frightened. The poor boy is saying such dreadful things in his delirium. He says—(here Clara began to sob)—he says we are butchers, and this house a shambles, and his uncle—only he never calls him his uncle—was a murderer from the beginning, and a Judas, and the father of lies. Come, come; it is shocking."

I went. The poor young man was tossing to and fro in a violent paroxysm, rolling his head on the pillow, and stretching out his lean hands, as if to keep off some imaginary foe. His great eyes looked terribly hollow and bright; they glared meaninglessly: it was plain that he did not recognize us.

"Back, keep back!" he moaned: "I knew you from the first, smooth-tongued fiend that you are. He chose the room, mother, he—Richard Staunton. Nurse Bright saw him come to the empty house, and stand long in the open window of the accursed room, and grin—grin like a wolf, as he is—when he thought no eye was on him."

Here the feeble voice died away in murmurs.

"Gracious me, Clara!" said I, wiping my forehead, on which great drops of sweat gathered, "this is very horrid—shocking. Go down, love; this is no place for you."

"Hush! listen," said Clara, suddenly.

"So many have died here," moaned the sick lad; "the room is full of shadows.—There is a curse on it. The monk walks—ha! I saw him—he breathed on me, and his eyes glittered under his cowl, and his breath was icy cold—cold. That was a dream; but the eyes made me tremble—they were Richard Staunton's eyes. How he hates me! I stand between him and wealth—the broad lands and the gold. Mother, mother, you did well to warn me, well to mistrust him; you read Murder in his eyes—long ago—beside my cradle."

Then the sufferer gasped for breath painfully. I tried to persuade Clara to go; she refused. I looked at her attentively by the dim light; in her face was written dismay, consternation, but no blank horror; on the contrary, there was a dawning intelligence that perplexed me.

"Hush! lose not a word," whispered my wife; "perhaps Heaven permits that we should defeat a crime."

"Can you suspect," I began.

Clara pressed my arm. Sir Frederick began to talk, first very vaguely, and in broken scraps of foreign tongues, then suddenly he broke into the cry of a sick child:

"Take me away—to the pure air—away! away! I stifle here; I cannot breathe. I shall die—I shall die!"

Clara tenderly adjusted the pillows under the sufferer's head, and gave him some cooling drink. The poor fellow spoke no more, but groaned and tossed for a while, till the hot clutch of the fever relaxing for the moment, he sank into a light slumber. Clara led me out of the room on tiptoe, and with her finger pressed on her lips. There was an air of mystery, almost of terror, in her comely face.

"Philip—husband, do not lose one moment; get the best advice."

"My dear," said I, hesitating, "Mr. Gooch—"

"Mr. Gooch is a dunce!" cried my wife impetuously. "What is wanted now is the judgment of some great doctor, whose knowledge and talent enable him to see what Mr. Gooch is blind to. Do send for Dr. T——— at once."

"My dear," said I, quite startled, "Dr. T———! why, what will Mr. Staunton say?"

"Never mind what he may say," returned Clara, obstinately pursing up her lips; "get Sir Frederick's horse saddled, ride as quick as you can to Minchcombe, and telegraph for Dr. T———."

I complied with Clara's wish, though with some misgivings. My telegram was soon replied to by an announcement that Dr. T———, one of the most eminent professional men of the day, would arrive at Oakleigh Parva within twelve hours. By the time the great London doctor arrived, Sir Frederick was worse. The delirium had returned again and again, fever fits had torn the patient, deadly chills had assailed him, and Mr. Gooch, who was very sulky when he heard of the summons to Dr. T———, feared the worst result. Curiously enough, Clara, whose general health was very good, was by this time nearly knocked up; she complained of violent headache, giddiness, and so forth, and was twice compelled to relinquish her post at the bedside of the sick boy from sheer exhaustion.

"It is very odd, dear, but I feel as if the room itself were a vault. The atmosphere seems stifling. I suppose it's all silly, nervous nonsense," said my brave little wife.

Dr. T——— arrived when the patient was in a delirious paroxysm, raving wildly and incoherently. He heard what we had to tell, felt Sir Frederick's pulse, looked in his face, and exchanged a few sentences with Mr. Gooch. Then he turned to the bed, and seemed to listen intently to the sufferer's broken words.

"He is talking sad stuff, doctor; not a grain of sense in a bushel of it," said the gruff surgeon.

"I differ from you, sir, on that point," returned the doctor blandly; "the instincts of a patient are not to be safely slighted. Much that we, in the pride of intellect, are accustomed to close our ears to, may prove a revelation of the utmost benefit to science."

Mr. Gooch growled out something very like an oath, and stumped off.

"Good-bye, Mr. Harper," said he, 'I'm no use here, now that mealy-mouthed "new light' is come from town. I wish you a good-evening."

Dr. T——— had his instruments and chemical apparatus, contained in a little Russia-leather case, without which he never travelled, placed it in the chamber, and begged to be left alone with the patient. He did not disguise his apprehensions—a crisis must soon take place. Clara and I went down stairs to await in my study the next announcement of the physician. It was a sultry summer's night, and the air was heavy and still. We sat talking low, till the pale light of early morning came upon us like a ghost. An hour after this, Dr. T——— came down stairs with a smile on his good-humored, keen face.

"Saved?" cried my wife, catching the look of contentment with feminine quickness.

"I hope so," said the doctor; "but you must move him at once. Any other room will do; but no time is to be lost. I have found out the real phantom-monk, the true destroyer that haunts your best bed-room."

"What?"

"Arsenic!" said the doctor, exhibiting some powered matter of various shades and tints, from dark green to pure white—"arsenic enough to poison a regiment. That rich, emerald green paper on the walls is stained by its means, and contains poison enough to be the death of generation after generation. I misdoubted it from the first. It has given *me* the headache, and is no doubt the cause of Sir Frederick's strange symptoms, and of the many untimely deaths that fatal room has witnessed. See—I have analyzed different portions of dust, brushed at random from the wall."

We sat mute and thunderstruck. The doctor resumed:

"Such things are common, too common. But if it be true, as I hear, that Mr. Richard Staunton virtually chose this apartment for his sickly nephew's habitation—that Mr. Richard Staunton deliberately planned to give this benefice to a total stranger, of gentle and unsuspicious nature—pardon me, my dear sir—on the very unusual condition, that he should take charge of the young heir, and lodge him in that envenomed den—if Mr. Richard Staunton is, as I am told, a subtle chemist, and has an interest of sixteen thousand a year in the death of a nephew whom he has notoriously hated from the cradle; why all I can say is—"

"What?"

"That Mr. Richard Staunton is not far behind the Borgias and Brinvilliers of old days," returned the doctor, dryly.

I sat stunned by the magnitude of the enormous wickedness, suddenly revealed to me as by a lightning flash.

"I feared it—I feared as much. The poor lad said in his ravings that his mother had always suspected her brother-in-law, always—and that is why I *would* make you telegraph to London for Dr. T———," said my wife, weeping on my shoulder.

I have little more to tell. Sir Frederick, removed to another room, skillfully attended, and well nursed, recovered, though very slowly. I felt it my duty to resign the living, giving as it had been by a wicked hand, and for an evil end. So I and mine had to go forth from the pleasant country home, once more to do battle with the world and poverty. We did not suffer much from this sacrifice to conscience. Sir Frederick, who had, as he owned, suspected us at first of being his uncle's instruments, now became our fast friend, and never scrupled to own that he owed to us, under Heaven, his escape from the greatest of earthly dangers. He was now out of peril. Mr. Richard Staunton was a cautious man, and when some powerful though distant connections of the Staunton family, after hearing the doctor's statement, offered their house to be the young baronet's home until he should be master of his own lands, the guardian gave his consent. The heavy suspicions under which Mr. Staunton lay were merely hinted to him, but that hint was enough, and he was silent and discreet.

And it so happened that the very year succeeding that which saw Sir Frederick Staunton come of age, old Dr. Dozey died; and my former pupil presented me to the comfortable living of Bullingdon, where we have spent many and many a happy year since the events here narrated.

OUT OF REACH.

To love thee, and be dumb. Never by look or word
To break the silence set upon my soul:
To crush the voice that struggles to be heard:
Unmoved, to gaze on the forbidden goal.

To stand within the vestibule of Bliss:
To grasp alone the shadow of Delight:
To see and feel, but never taste of Peace;
Daily to live in an eternal night.

Awake, to dream of Love's undying song,
With expectation near akin to pain;
To hear its echoes as they float along,
But ne'er to catch its full melodious strain.

To sit and look into thine eyes, and yearn
To tell thee all my closely hoarded thought;
And still to know that I must calmly learn
To meet thy gaze, and yet to utter nought.

To watch the earnest smile upon thy face,
And picture joys that never can be born;
Or gem the Future with thy gentle grace,
As weepers decorate the dead they mourn.

To *know* there is no hope. Hourly to feel
That Destiny forbids a word—a breath;
This bitter fate is mine, until the seal
Is broken by the welcome hand of Death.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

A BAKED BIBLE.

There is a Bible in Lucas County, Ohio, which was once baked in a loaf of bread.—It now belongs to Mr. Schebolt, a worthy member of the United Brethren Church, who resides near Maumee City. Mr. Schebolt is a native of Bohemia, and the baked Bible was originally the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant Christian in the times which tried men's souls. During one of the cruel persecutions which have been so common in Bohemia, an edict was passed that every Bible in the hands of the peasants should be delivered up to the authorities and destroyed. Various expedients were resorted to by the Bible-loving Protestants to preserve the precious Word of Life. Mrs. Schebolt, grandmother of the present owner, placed hers in the centre of a batch of dough, which was ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found; and when the tools of priestly tyranny had departed, and the danger was passed, the Bible was taken uninjured from the loaf. It was printed one hundred and fifty years ago.

How to Judge Weather Signs.—Admiral Fitzroy, in his instruction to meteorological observers, is careful not to cut off any source of information, as he especially notes that the observations of nature are to be watched. Thus, when sea birds fly out early, and far to seaward, fair weather may be anticipated; on the contrary, when they hang about the land, or fly inward, stormy weather is indicated. When animals, instead of spreading over their usual range, seek sheltered places, storms may be expected. Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog; but clearness of the atmosphere near the horizon is a sign of wet. When a mountaineer sees the hills cutting sharp against the sky, he wraps his plaid around him. A good hearing day is also an indication of coming wet.

☞ What Cato said above his boy fallen in battle, may be said by thousands:

Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.
Welcome, my son! There set him down, my friends,
Full in my sight that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth! What pity 'tis
That we can die but once to save our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.

☞ Red is the most fatal color to be worn on the battle-field. The rebel prisoners say they always like to meet a regiment of Zouaves, with red trowsers, as the y serve as distinctive marks. In evidence of this, take the casualties of the 14th Brooklyn and 5th New York, three-fourths of the casualties among them in every battle being in the lower limbs.

☞ Savin was lately asked to contribute to foreign missions. "Not on any account," said he. "Why not?" asked the collector. "The object is laudable." "No, it isn't," replied Savin; "not half so many people go to the devil now as ought to."

THE NEW BONNETS.

The principal novelty in bonnets this Fall is the revolution in fashionable colors. This revolution has played mischief with the wholesale trade, and consigned to the tender mercies of the auction room a vast quantity of rich goods in colors tabooed by the incoming mode. What renders the slaughter the less endurable is, that the goods taking their place are less pretty by many degrees. Excepting whites and blacks, most of the colors in bonnet silks, ribbons and velvets have passed for the present out of use. The bonnets shown to us as the *ton*, adapted to the wear of *the creme de la creme*, we pronounce, with great deference, to be bordering upon the hideous, and to most complexions extremely trying. One new color is called the "Maryland." It is unlike any other color we know of. An artist could probably mix it upon his palette. The only facsimile we could make would be by spreading a transparent stratum of raspberry jam upon the surface of a yellow-pine shingle. It is a mixture, apparently, of butternut brown and pinkey-yellow. Another new color is the "Capuchin"—an orange color reddened beyond the natural tint, so that the eye hesitates whether to fix it as one or the other.—The flame color is still in vogue, and so is the reddest possible hue of vermillion that the dyer can produce. These, and a gorgeous shade of purple not hitherto attained, comprise the principal colors introduced for the Fall and Winter of 1862. Ribbons and feathers are furnished to correspond. The former are both in silk and velvet. This last we find as trimming everywhere.

The prices are shockingly high. For velvets that last year sold at $4, $5,25 is now charged by first hands. And ribbons have risen in proportion as well as all the appurtenances of the milliners' profession. People who must wear "ducks of bonnets," must now pay for them. The high duty upon goods, and the immense prices of exchange, tell with corresponding immensity upon the cost of ladies' wear of all kinds, and of bonnets in particular. Ostrich feathers that five years ago cost $3 are now scarce at $8, and even a higher figure.

We fear that this Winter the milliners will not do the business of former years.—People are now prepared not only to evade fashion, but to defy her. A new fashioned bonnet of any pretensions costs $15 to $20. As good a one could be purchased last year for a much less sum.—*North American.*

OUR VICTORIES IN MARYLAND.

It appears from Gen. McClellan's report that at South Mountain our loss was 443 killed, 1,806 wounded and 76 missing; total, 2,325. At Antietam our loss was 2,010 killed, 9,416 wounded, and 1,043 missing; total, 12,469. Total loss in the two battles, 14,794. The rebel loss in killed and wounded is set down at 18,742, to which prisoners must be added, making their total loss 25,542. From the time our troops first encountered the enemy in Maryland until he was driven back into Virginia, we captured 13 guns, 7 caissons, 9 limbers, 2 field forges, 2 caissons bodies, 39 colors and 1 signal flag.

As nearly as can be ascertained at this time, the number of prisoners taken by our troops in the two battles will, at the lowest estimate, amount to 5,000. The full returns will no doubt show a larger number. Of these about 1,200 are wounded.

We have not lost a single gun or color. On the battle-field of Antietam 14,000 small arms were collected, besides the large number carried off by citizens and those distributed on the grounds to the recruits and other unarmed men arriving immediately after the battle.

At South Mountain no collection of small arms was made, owing to the haste of the pursuit from that point; 400 were taken on the opposite side of the Potomac.

Sea-Sickness.—R. M. Bache, in a letter recently read before the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, gave a new theory of the cause of sea sickness. He attributes this annoying malady not to motion, or the appearance of motion especially, but to *unaccustomed* and *irregular* motion, the extent and direction of which the mind is unable to calculate and anticipate. As soon as persons become accustomed to this life, and the mind does not act at variance with the motion of the body, this nausea ceases. He advises sea-sick persons, therefore, to keep as near a quiet horizontal position so as not to be worried with the seeming motion of the horizon. Let the food be the same as is ordinarily used. There is no specific for sea-sickness, except to become as quickly as possible habituated to the motions of the ship, and any tampering with the stomach in the way of unaccustomed articles of food or drinks is only likely to aggravate the nausea. If, in addition to what has been recommended above, says Mr. Bache, the passenger will spread a mattrass, and put himself in a recumbent posture, all will then have been done that can be done to prevent, to cure, or to alleviate sea-sickness, until the education of the senses is completed.

Quarrel Over Prizes at a Horse Fair.—The prominent competitors in equestrianism at the late horse fair, at Chicago, were Mrs. Fasset, Miss Morgan and Mrs. Lockwood. In awarding the premiums, the judges gave the blue ribbon (first premium) to Miss Morgan; the red ribbon (second premium) to Mrs. Lockwood; and the white ribbon (third premium) to Mrs. Fasset. The favorites of each lady became excited, and the winner of the first premium was hissed, while Mrs. Lockwood, the winner of the second premium, in her rage tore the red ribbon from her arm, and her cavalier performed the same deed for the ribbon on the head of her horse. Thereupon the officers concluded to withhold the premium ($250) from the enraged lady. The next day Mrs. Lockwood cooled down and apologized for her hasty indignation, laid the blame on her cavalier, and the committee paid her the premium she (the day previous) refused.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper says:—We chanced this morning to be in the reception-room of Secretary Stanton, when that energetic functionary, in a most dry and humorous manner, as is his wont, "took down" a pair of shoulder-straps, which article abounds munificently just now in the Federal capital. The aforesaid straps was saying something about his desire to command the body-guard of some General.—"Body-guard," quoth Secretary Stanton,—"why, sir, General-in-Chief Halleck tells me that the only body-guard he ever had was a bull-terrier pup." Straps said nix.

☞ Song of the liable-to-be "drafted" person—"I would I were a boy again."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Court of Inquiry of which Gen. Hunter is chairman is engaged in the examination of the surrender of Harper's Ferry.

The Evasion of the Draft.—Persons who cut off their fore fingers or pull out their front teeth to evade the draft, will find that they are not exempt. Though they may have unnitted themselves for the infantry, they will do very well for the artillery, and will be assigned to that arm of the service. For a particularly timid man the prospect of this change is not an agreeable one. Persons who misrepresent their residences or places of business will be subjected to a compulsory draft and sent to the army, if they do not hasten to make the necessary corrections at the enrollment office.

Gen. G. W. Morgan, with his whole force from the Cumberland Gap, has reached the Ohio river, opposite Portsmouth.

Commissioners of the draft, by an order of the War Department, are allowed to receive and credit on the quota of the different localities, volunteer recruits for nine months. This is an important fact, and it will afford many counties the opportunity to raise their quota before the 16th of October, as such volunteers will be received by the different Commissioners throughout the state up to that time. Some two thousand men, thus received, have already arrived at Camp Curtin. It must be borne in mind that these recruits can only be received by the Commissioners of the draft.

"Bullion," of the Boston Journal, thus notices the wealth of the New York Republican candidate for Governor:—"His property is set down at two millions, most of which is in landed estate. He resides in Genesee, and it was the boast of his ancestors that they could travel from Genesee to Rochester, a distance of twenty-five miles, without going off their own land."

Two deserters from the 4th battalion of the 60th Canadian Rifles were recently sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. That's the mild way they do things in the British service.

In Minnesota, the bill extending the elective franchise to soldiers passed the Senate on Thursday, by a vote of 13 to 4.

The Next Congress.—The members of Congress to be elected this fall will not take their seats in the legislative hall until December of next year, unless called together in extraordinary session. The terms of the members of the present Congress do not expire until the 4th of March next, when the session closes, as required by law. We make this explanation in order to correct an impression abroad, that the new members will take part in the proceedings of Congress the coming winter.

Quakers in Virginia.—It is remarkable that a settlement of Quakers, near Mount Vernon, have continued unmolested during the entire war, though alternately included within the national and rebel lines. Their semi-weekly meetings have been regularly continued; sometimes a rebel picket pacing in front of the building, and perhaps a Union sentinel having the same beat the next week. They have remained undisturbed both in property and person.

The Fate of a Regiment.—The career of the 2d Wisconsin regiment is practically ended. All that remains of the eleven hundred who left Wisconsin a little more than twelve months ago are fifty-nine war-worn and battle grimmed men. Almost every blood-stained field of Maryland and Virginia is enriched by the bones of the dead from that noble regiment. There were ten overflowing companies when the regiment left the state.—*Milwaukie News.*

The Chicago Grain Trade.—The receipts of wheat in Chicago, within the past twenty-two days, compared with the receipts during the corresponding period in 1861, show a falling off this year of over one million bushels; and this, too, when prices have ruled from ten to twenty-five cents per bushel higher than in 1861. The Chicago Tribune regards this as evidence of a short crop.

Death of the Last of Napoleon's Mamelukes.—Mameluke Bey, the noted Mameluke warrior, who joined Napoleon in Egypt, and followed him through his subsequent campaigns, recently died in Paris, aged 85 years.

The London Times.—The Duke of Wellington very clearly expressed his idea of the honesty and fairness of this "leading journal," when he wrote in reference to its abuse of him:—"The truth is, I refused to employ a relative of the editor of the Times in my family, and that is the reason he has accused me of corruption."

Physicians Curing Diptheria by the Suction of their Mouths.—It is not long since one of the most promising of the younger members of the medical profession sacrificed his life to the voluntarily contracted contagion of diptheria, in an attempt to clear, by the suction of his own lips, the throat of an infant dying, strangled by the exudations of that fearful disease. Notwithstanding the proved danger of this expedient, however, it has not lacked, and will never lack, imitators, for the sole reason that it is the promptest and often the only means of saving life.

We find an instance recorded in the Union Medicale for May, which should not be limited in its circulation to the medical press. The expedient, notwithstanding the operator well knew its danger, was practised, and with complete success in rescuing the child, by Dr. Edmond Bessette, a young surgeon of Angouleme. What adds to the satisfaction of the account, the child was not only saved by his heroism, but Dr. Bessette suffered no ill effects. This is attributed to his immediately rinsing his mouth and throat with strong brandy. The case is reported, not by the noble young operator himself, but by his superior in the Angouleme Hospital, Doctor Claude Gigon.

Opinions of our Generals on the Emancipation Proclamation.—Gen. Curtis, whose recent campaign in Arkansas, gives his opinion great weight, was recently invited, by his friends in Keokuk, to accept a public reception. In his letter of reply he says:—

"Break down the rebel armies, confiscate the property of their supporters, deprive the rebels of their slaves and their substance, prostrate foes and elevate friends, and the Union men in thousands, who now tremble in the presence of the apprehension of its return, will proclaim their devotion to our Government, and unite with us heartily in restoring peace and prosperity to our once happy country."

The gallant Gen. Milroy was serenaded on Wednesday evening at Wheeling, Va. In his speech Gen. Milroy said he believed that slavery was the cause of this war. The cause of contention ought to be removed, and he was glad that the signs of the times looked at the accomplishment of this great object.

☞ Logic.—Granger, who was a remarkable ugly man, contended that he was the handsomest thing in the world. He proved it thus: "The handsomest part of the world," said he, "is Europe; of Europe, France; of France, Paris; of Paris, the University; of the University, the College of ———; in the College of ——— the handsomest room is mine; in my room I am the handsomest thing,—ergo, I am the handsomest thing in the world."

NEWS ITEMS.

The question, "What becomes of all the pins?" is partly answered by one of the papers in Birmingham, England. An old sewer in that city, just opened for repairs for the first time in many years, was found to be paved with a deposit of countless millions of pins, compacted into a mass as hard as the slag from a blast-furnace. Every sewered town would probably furnish a similar spectacle.

Judge Holt, of Kentucky, says that "no one can doubt the power of Mr. Lincoln to issue a proclamation of emancipation."

In London there are six public statues to kings, but one to a man of science, (Dr. Jenner,) and none to a single author, artist, poet, inventor, or engineer.

General Butler will execute the confiscation law of Congress rigidly. He is hated cordially, but with 110,000 people in New Orleans, he compels perfect order in and around the city. His manner is spoken of by the Southern sympathizers as more offensive than his acts. Nearly the whole population will take the oath to save their property.

Reverend Politicians.—Rev. Thomas Starr King has been named as a candidate for United States Senator from California to succeed Mr. Latham. In such an event, the case of Mr. King will be somewhat analogous to that of Mr. John A. Gurly, of Cincinnati, who is a Universalist clergyman. He is said to be an active polemist; and when nominated for Congress, an old Methodist remonstrated with a brother for supporting for office a man who did not believe in hell. "I do not mind that at all," was the reply; "Mr. Gurly will not be in Congress long before he will find out that there is a hell!"

John Pettit, candidate for Congress in the Eighth district of Indiana, and the same man who declared the Declaration of Independence a self-evident lie, made a speech a few days ago, in which he said: "If old Abe will just come to me, I'll tell him how to stop this rebellion. *Extend slavery over every free state* in the Union, and the rebellion will be stopped in sixty days." That is a good idea—and the first slave made should be John Pettit.

The Missiles at Antietam.—I have been credibly informed that broken railroad iron and blacksmith's tools, hammers, chisels, &c., were fired at us from rebel cannon. Some of these missiles made a peculiar noise, resembling "which away, which away," by which our men came to distinguish them from regular shot and shell, and as they heard them approaching, would cry "turkey! turkey coming!" and fall flat to avoid them. An artillerist, a German, when he saw the tools falling around him, exclaimed, "My Got! we shall have the blacksmith's shop to come next!"

Taxation in Dixie.—The new revenue bill before the rebel Congress provides for the levying on the first of January next, a tax one-fifth the value of the products of the land for the preceding year; one-fifth the value of the increase of horses, asses, cattle, sheep and swine; one-fifth the products made in feeding the same; and one-fifth the yearly income of each person. The rebels will pay dearly for their whistle.

The following is an exact copy of an inscription upon a grave-stone situated in New Boston, N. H.:

Sevilla,
daughter of
George and Sarah
Jones,
Murdered by
Henry N. Sargent,
Jan. 13, 1854,
Æt. 17 y'rs & 9 mo's.

Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter,
By the revengeful hand of a malicious Henry.
When on her way to school he met her,
And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her.

General Halleck has issued a circular calling upon the Governors of the several states to fill up the vacancies in the officers of their regiments by promoting men from the ranks.

It is clear that the capture of Savannah, Charleston and Mobile have been resolved upon by the administration, as a military and political necessity. The possession of these places will check the building of rebel ironclad ships in England, and save us much future trouble in case these lively tokens of British neutrality should by any chance succeed in running the blockade. As the case now stands, it looks as though they might quietly slip, some dark night, into the hands of Farragut, under the stars and stripes, instead of the stars and bars.

Extra Billy Smith, of Virginia, was slightly wounded in the battle of Antietam. This is the fifth narrow escape he has made. He probably was not born to be shot.

The Star Spangled Banner in the Heavens.—On Wednesday night last, at one o'clock, the watchman at Mac's big rolling mill, in this town, observed a light in the clouds which proved to be the exact shape of the American flag on a large scale. Whilst it was passing over the town he called two of his companions from bed to see it. They all concur in saying that the light represented the flag beautifully and brilliantly—now weaving its folds into a wreath—now stars shooting out and disappearing. We suppose that its visitation at this time in our midst is intended as a compliment to our numerous brave boys who are now on the battle-field offering up their lives in its defence, and to assure us of its final victory over the rebels. —*Hollidaysburg Whig.*

"The Chinese wall around the trade of the country," which, we are told, was erected by Congress in the passage of the present tariff, would seem to be pretty easily scaled, or pretty easily penetrated. The "utterly prohibitory duties" do not seem to keep out the prohibited articles. The receipts into the New York Custom House are enormous. The consumption of the articles formerly free, but now burdened with high duties, does not seem to have perceptibly fallen off. In fact, the predictions of the English free-traders have been signally disappointed, and the expectations of those who framed the new revenue system as signally vindicated.

The New Orleans Delta has over two columns of advertisements calling for recruits to serve in the Federal army. One Captain A. Monfort calls his company the "John Brown Guards."

The Late Battle of Corinth.—The number of Union troops engaged in the battle at Corinth, on Friday, September 19th, was 23,500, instead of 8,500, as announced by telegraph. Gen. Grant puts down Price's forces at 18,000. The correction is important, as it shows that in one important engagement with the rebels we actually outnumbered them.—*Providence Post.*

The Language of War.—The Rev. Daniel Goodwin, in a recent address before the Rhode Island Normal Association, stated that of seven hundred words in the telegraphic column of a newspaper which he had examined, two hundred and fifty were connected with military operations and none of them were found in a corresponding column of a copy of the paper issued two years ago; and four hundred and fifty, including proper names of officers and localities, derived all their fullness of significance from a knowledge of the events which have occurred since the breaking out of the rebellion.

Twenty-three thousand rebels are in Missouri under Coffee, Shelby and others. The rebel Gen. Rains is at Pea Ridge with a large force. Seventeen thousand are in reserve at Little Rock.

POPE'S OFFICERS AT RICHMOND.

Captain C. N. Goulding, who was General Pope's chief quartermaster in the field, and was taken prisoner upon the occasion of Stuart's noted raid at Catlett's Station, is now exchanged, and has just returned from Richmond.

At Richmond, twenty-six of Pope's officers were confined in one room, which they were never permitted to leave for a single moment for any purpose whatever. One meal per day was all that was allowed them, which consisted of bread, meat, and water.

When they came to be paroled they were catechised as to their age, birth, height, &c., ending with the question, "What are your politics?" To the latter query General Prince, who had been a Breckinridge Democrat, at first replied, "A Democrat!" but instantly seeing the object of the inquiry, corrected himself. "No," said he, "put me down an Abolitionist." The majority of the prisoners made the same answer. Captain Goulding, who was once an earnest supporter of Douglass, but whose political opinions during his brief sojourn in Dixie seem to have been altogether revolutionized, added "I am not a hog, and know when I am filled." He states further, that it is his firm conviction that the rebel leaders will not accept any terms of peace which look towards a reunion; they are resolved upon absolute and entire separation. If they have any relations with the Northern, it will only be as our conquerors and dictators. * * * *

The only two persons he heard spoken of with any favor were Vallandigham, and one other whose name escapes us. We beg the gentleman's pardon for our inability to elevate him to such rare distinction.

Captain Goulding had several interviews with Jackson, and formed a high estimate of his capacity. Jackson told him that during the entire war he had never been so hard pressed as he was by Fremont in the Shenandoah valley; that he never was in such a dangerous position as at Cross Keys, and Port Republic; and he freely admitted that he would have been captured, army, bag and baggage, had Fremont been reinforced or supported by McDowell.

In view of the immense armies pouring down upon their wasted fields from the North, they did not seem over and above confident that Jeff. Davis could be king just yet. But Captain Goulding found the belief to be universal that the French would intervene actively, not only acknowledging the independence of the Southern Confederacy, but that they have taken or will take measures to establish it by armed intervention.

Parson Brownlow on the Emancipation Proclamation.—The Rev. Mr. Brownlow, in the course of his speech at Detroit, said:—

"I am aware that my views are desired upon the subject of the late emancipation proclamation of the President, about which there is quite a sensation on this ground. I am a pro-slavery man, and a true southerner, by birth, raising, and education. I have defended the 'peculiar institution' ever since I have defended any measure, and I am here what I am when I am in the South, having nothing to disguise. If the policy of the President is, as I understand it to be, to free the slaves of rebels in arms, and to compensate loyal men for theirs, I am with him—allowing, as does the proclamation, all rebellious states three months to come back in, and thus secure their slaves. The measure is *useless* in the revolted states; it can't be *enforced*, because the most simple post-office law can't be enforced. I think the measure useless, as I do much of the legislation of the last Congress, but it will quiet the consciences of that class of radical men among you who are afflicted with that incurable disease I call '*nigger on the brain.*' The only point in the whole thing is this:—The rebels intended, when pressed to the wall, as they will be, to issue a proclamation freeing all the negroes themselves, as a last desperate means of inducing England to acknowledge their independence. This done, they would have placed the United States Government in the false attitude of fighting to perpetuate slavery. And all there is in the matter is simply this: Mr. Lincoln has taken the start of Jeff. Davis."

Gen. Cass, upon being called upon to speak, said:—

My Friends:—I am unable to say anything. My friend, who has just spoken, expresses my sentiments. My heart is in the cause, and I have faith that the virtue and integrity of the American people will crush out the rebellion. I am with you with my whole heart.

Anecdotes of Sumner and Burnside.—A story is told of the veteran Sumner at the battle of Antietam. His son, young Captain Sumner, a youth of twenty-one, was on his staff. The old man calmly stood, amidst a storm of shot and shells, and turned to send him through a doubly raging fire, upon a mission of duty. He might never see his boy again, but his country claimed his life, and as he looked upon his young brow, he grasped his hand, encircling him in his arms, and fondly kissed him. "Good-by, Sammy," "Good-by, father," and the youth mounting his horse, rode gayly on with the message. He returned unharmed, and again his hand was grasped with a cordial "How d'ye do, Sammy?" answered by a grasp of equal affection. The scene was touching to those around.

Burnside now stands as a general of unvarying success, and a nation accords him praise. His head is prematurely bald. He has grown stout, and rolls like a jolly tar as he walks, and his soldiers call him "the old man." They adore him both for his leadership and his manners. He rarely meets a soldier without a nod and a friendly question, and the man departs delighted at his notice. Officers are no less under the influence of his attractions, and he tempers strict injunctions with a smile. "Did you hear what I have been saying?" asked he of each of his division generals, as he issued orders on the night before the battle of Antietam:—"Yes." "Then say it over." And the generals, like schoolboys in a class, repeated their lessons.

The Preparation of Flax.—A correspondent of the Montreal Herald mentions a discovery in the mode of preparing flax, which seems equally applicable to the northern and elevated portions of the United States and Canada. He observes:—It has been discovered that in Lower Canada we can prepare our flax for the mill with very little trouble or expense, by a mode which answers as well as steeping, and that is, to spread the flax on a meadow in December and allow it to remain on the ground till April. The winter snow rots it effectually, and when the snow goes off in April, you will find your flax clean and dry, ready for carting to the scutch mill, without any expense worth mentioning. This I consider a most important discovery: it removes all difficulties as to the flax business being introduced largely.

The storekeepers of Paris, Ky., sent their goods away to prevent them falling into the rebel hands. Two secessionists retained their stock and were bought out by the rebels, receiving Confederate money in payment. They were compelled to take it, or go to prison.

DONATIONS.

The Penn Relief Association for Sick and Wounded Soldiers, gratefully acknowledge the following donations:—

Henry M. Laing, $200; Capt. Williams, $125,80; Mary D. Brown, $10; Yard, Gilmore & Co., $35; Little Girls' Fair, $27; Brown, Hill & Co., A. Campbell, J. Long, N. Trotter & Co., W. T. Cogg, Irwin Stinson, J. J. Bailey & Co., each, $25; J. D. Brown, A. T. J., J. T. Jeanes, Ludwig, Kneedler & Co., Martin, Sharp & Co., each, $20; S. Phipps, J. T. Way & Co., D. Goods, Gans, Leberman & Co., Dry Goods, E. Deacon, J. Walker, A. Slade & Co., each, $15; C. L. Sharpless, $14; J. Bower & H. Revell, $13,25; A Friend, $11, Myers, Kirkpatrick & Co, E. S. Justice, C. Evans, J. S. Lovering, J. J. Thompson, Prescott Literary Association, M. B. Ridgway, Lewis Brothers & Co., Altemus & Cozzens, Riegel, Wiest & Irwin, George Peterson, J. P. Verree, G. D. Parrish, H. H. G. Sharpless, each, $10; Children's Fair per R. W. Esher, $8; Children's Fair, $7; do., $5; Mrs. J. Masderson, E. W. Lippincott, H. St. John, A Friend, S. W. Black, B. & B. Coates, L. A. Longstreth, Dr. J. H. Ingham, Wm. D. Jones, J. J. Bailey, Bonsall Brothers, Mrs. Dr. Jeanes, Mrs. R. Bunting, J. Orie, W. C. Keehmle, W. Mintzer, C. W. Trotter, L. M. Elkington, R. Johnson, J. W. Hum, S. Gans, C. Mount, J. Riegel, J. T. Way, P. Seiger, W. Baird, T. Finlay, W. Groves, R. W. Savery, F. & Wells, J. C. Savery, Shuff & Wenwag, V. Earp, A Friend, H. S. D., A. K. Little, W. C. Kent, T. W. Baker, C. Smith, Garrettson, Brady & Co., (D. G.) R. Wood, Marsh & Heywood, Stier, Price & Co., B. Marshall, T. S. Newlin, Hood, Bonbright & Co., (D. G.) H. A. Smith, E. D. Stokes, P. S. Peterson, Brown Brothers & Co., Stuart & Brothers, J. P. Steiner, J. B. Myers, Walgamuth & Raleigh, T. Smith, J. Mitchell, Ridgway, Hensner & Co., E. T. S., T. S. & Co., C. S. Carpenter & Co., E. Greco, A. Wiltberger, C. Robins, B. Green, E. J. Lester, J. McDade, P. Doer, J. Dobson, J. Hitson, P. Thurlow, E. Hey & Bro., W. Baird, W. Beatty, F. Kiett, S. Hindman, E. Murray, T. W. Evans, Besson & Son, J. S. W. Bailey & Co., J. Stone & Son, S. H. & H. Wain, L. & Co., G. F. P. & Co., J. E. Caldwell, B. Bonnafion, J. T., each $5; Jos. Chapman and employees of J. Chapman, $4½ each; T. & F. E., $4; N. W. Ellis, A Friend, T. Baldwin, C. T. Deacon, V. C. Rush, L. B. M. Dolby, Welling, Coffin & Co., Billings, Roop & Co., each, $3; M. Moore, G. A. Smith, Hedman & Rank, J. B. Ellison & Sons, J. Smith, each, $2½; M. Kimball, $2½; S. Heiter, J. Slevin, J. Weigand, Jr., J. P. Bodine, H. Peterson, J. M. Ellis, J. W. Ogden, J. McMurtrie, Thornly & Chism, H. M. Ogden, Mrs. Knauff, J. Johnson, L. Thomas, E. T. Kirk, H. A. Hall, A Friend, C. Folwell, R. Platte, each, $2; J. Tomlinson, B. Welsh, H. Stirling, A. W. Henszey, H. Weiner, T. A. Mehl, H. A. Rogers, S. R. Evans, W. Slaugh, Dr. W. Savery, R. Lukens, H. Van Bell, T. Cochran, J. P. Wood, C. M. Alberger, H. C. Cary, M. McMichael, C. Gilpin, Clerk of the Orphan's Court, W. B. Mann, P. S. White, C. O'Neil, W. H. Kern, J. F. Robertson, J. T. R., B., V. & J. T. G., J. A. Clark, T. E. Tack, H. Stewart, J. McKeown, W. Pastorius, W. R. Granger, H. T. U., J. Wright, D. D. & P. G., J. Plankington, C. F. Linton, R. Osborne, T. Zimmerman, A. B. J., M. H. L., A. M. Madack, S. W. Dickson, M. Chapman, W. R. Chapman, (Grocers,) P. Barber, J. M. C., H. M. S., R. Walton, J. Spear, Mrs. Gums, S. Potts, E. A. McCloskey, J. Evans, W. Conover, J. Naylor, E. Perot, R. H. Jones, E. J. Bacon, P. F. Moore, Mrs. Holloway, Anonymous, J. Wayne, E. Brown, E. Roberts, C. Smith, B. Allen, J. W. Thomas, J. J. Hughes, W. R. Peebles, E. Thomas, A Friend, M. H. Needles, Mrs. Broadbent, A Friend, J. Lippincott, H. Dickinson, A Friend, M. Platt, A Friend, each, $1; L. Hewley, J. Parker, each, 50 cents; M. Allen, 25 cts.; Cash, $62; M. Balderston, $3; collected by S. C. Canby, $107; Mrs. Smith, $59,20.

The use of Spring Garden Institute, by the Managers.

James, Kent, Santee & Co., 320 yards curtain muslin; W. Whittaker, C. H. Smith, Clothing Employees, Wm. Baird, 50 shirts; 1 barrel wine, Hon. C. L. Goring; 1 box, do., J. F. Havilcotte; 1 barrel Springer Harbaugh, all of Pittsburg. The use of sewing machine, 2 doz. spools cotton, 1 doz. needles, Grooce & Baker; 1 piece red flannel, Smith, Williams & Co.; 100 pounds sugar, H. Newhall & Son; do., J. S. Lovering; do., Taylor, Gillespie & Co.; 2 pieces crash, Barcroft, Beaver & Co.; 1 piece do., J. J. Lytle; 1 piece huckaback, Cooper & Conard; do., M. Culp; muslin and crutches, A. S. Truman; 1 stencil, R. J. Black; groceries, fruits and clothing, Miss Robinson's school; do., Webster, Secondary and Primary schools; do., Kenderton; advertising several times in Bulletin, Press, Inquirer, &c., American and Ledger once; crutches, Lippincott & Haines; do., canes, employees Stuart & Peterson; do., do., Almshouse, also sewing; 12 new shirts, 2 under do., J. Sherwin; 14 do., S. M. Garrigues; 15 do., Ladies of Altoona; a very valuable box of clothing, North Webster, Mass.; 1 do., Strasburg, Penn'a.; 2 do., Canton, Penn.; 1 do., Ladies' Aid, Crosswicks, N. J.; 3 do., 1 bundle, Cross, N. J., per Mrs. R. E. Peterson; 2 do., Rancocas, N. J.; 2 do., Pauling's Bridge, Pa.; 1 box corn starch, J. Allen; 2 do., clothing and fruit, 1 chickens, Byberry Ladies' Aid; 3 do., Ladies' Aid, Three Tons and Horsham; stone Jugs, B. Green; 1 barrel porter, W. C. Rudman; 1 do., brown stout, Newlin & Abbott; provisions, Contesville, Pa.; 1 box, Mechanicsville P. School; 2 do., Millville, Pa.; 1 do., Bethlehem Mite Society; 1 do., Chester Co. Central Aid; 1 do., Boiling Spring, Pa., 1 do., Boyertown Ladies' Relief Society; 4 do., Lumberton Ladies' Aid; 1 do., Camden, Delaware; 2 do. and 1 barrel, Little Britain Ladies' Aid; 3 b., Quakertown Ladies' Aid; cards and paper, C. Magarge; cards, Mr. Lawrence; printing, T. K. Collins & Son; do., Crissy & Markley; 1½ doz. waiters, 1 gross tea, ½ do. tablespoons, A. B. Justice; 85 preserve jars, E. Snowdon, and a great variety of fruits, wines, clothing, pickles, &c., from very many individuals.

Mary M. Scranton, Treasurer,
1010 Wallace St., Philada.

Medals for the Brave.—During the late session of Congress the Secretary of the Navy was authorized to cause two hundred medals of honor to be prepared, with suitable emblems and devices, which shall be bestowed upon such petty officers, seamen, landsmen and marines, as shall most distinguish themselves by gallantry in action and other seaman-like qualities during the present war, and $1,000 was appropriated for that purpose. The Department recently received three of the medals as specimens from the Philadelphia Mint, where they were manufactured. They are in bronze, silver and gold, beautifully and elaborately executed. The diameter is about two inches, in the form of a star, with five points; within the circular border is the representation of a male figure in relief, with a serpent in each hand; his attitude and countenance expressive of discomfiture by the appearance of the Genius of Liberty, who, with an air of apparent calmness, but firmness, interposes her shield as a defence from his designs. The medal is surmounted by an anchor, above which is a buckle, and at the termination of a strap of woven silk (the colors arranged after the manner of those of the American flag,) is a pin for the attachment of this mark of honor to the breast.

The Pope's Health.—A letter from Rome, published by the Wanderer, of Vienna, contains the following statement:—"The Pope's health is not very satisfactory. His own position and that of Italy weigh on his mind. His holiness lately remarked to an ecclesiastical dignitary, 'The hand of Providence has already written for me the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.* My days are numbered; my acts are weighed in the balance of Divine justice, and I hope they will not be found too far wanting; my empire is falling into secular hands. Will it be for long? who knows?' The Pope almost every day received visits from foreign priests, chiefly French and Belgian. In answer to the questions addressed to him on the subject of his personal fears or hopes, he usually replies in very few words, and it is evident that such questions do not please him."

☞ A good soldier may die, but he "never says die."

DISMISSED FROM THE SERVICE.

Major John Key, additional Aide-de-Camp in the United States service, has been dismissed under the following circumstances: An officer had reported that Major Key, in reply to the question why McClellan did not move on the rebels and crush them on the day following the great battle of Antietam, said, "Because that was not the programme. The programme is to prolong the war until the next Presidential election, and then settle it with the rebels on the old Democratic principles." The President summoned before him the officer who reported the language, also Major Key. The former adhered to the story. The latter acknowledged having made the remark, and proceeded to justify it, but failing to convince the President, he was dismissed from the service. Key was an aid of Gen. Halleck, and is said to approve the policy which he gave as the reason for inaction. Of course the real reason was the fatigue and prostration of the army on that all-important Thursday.

Slaves in the South.—Should the rebellion continue in its present shape until the 1st of January next, the number of slaves which will on that day be emancipated, under the proclamation of the President, will be as follows:

Alabama,	435,132
Arkansas,	111,104
Florida,	61,753
Georgia,	462,233
Louisiana,	333,010
Mississippi,	436,696
North Carolina,	331,081
South Carolina,	402,541
Tennessee,	275,784
Texas,	180,682
Eastern Virginia,	375,000
Total, according to census of 1860,	3,405,015

The natural increase will probably make the aggregate at the present time about 3,500,000.—*Baltimore Sun.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour continues active. Sales of fully 20,000 bbls are reported at $5@5,25 for superfine, $5,50@5,75 for extras, and $6,25@6,50 for extra family, including 8000 bbls city mills, part at $5,50@7 for family, the latter for Jenny Lind and part private. The trade have been buying more freely within the above range of prices for superfine and extra, and $7,50@7,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. The bulk of the sales were of extra family. Rye Flour is scarce, and if here would bring $3,75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is not inquired for and dull, and Penna is offered at $3,12½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat is in good demand at an advance of 1@2c ₱ bus, with sales of 50,000 bus at $1,25@1,32 for fair to good and prime Western and Penna reds in store; $1,33@1,35 for choice lots; $1,32@1,35 for Penna and Southern do afloat, and from $1,35 to 1,60 for white, as in quality, the latter for handsome Ky. Rye is scarce and in demand at 65@70c for new, and 70@72c for old. Corn is in better demand, with sales of 30,000 bus at 65@68c for Western mixed; 69@70c for yellow, and 70@71c for white. Oats continue in request and scarce, with sales of 25,000 bus at 38@41c for Southern, and 40@43c for Penna, as in quality, which is an advance. Barley is wanted with but little offering. Barley Malt is also in demand, and good is worth $1,05 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is a moderate inquiry for Pork, with further sales of 600 bbls, mostly Mess, at $12@12½ ₱ bbl. Prime is scarce. Of Beef the sales are limited at $12@15 for Western and city Mess. Bacon moves off as wanted at 10@13c for plain and fancy bagged Hams; 5½@6c for Shoulders, and 6½@7c for Sides. Green Meats are quiet, with a small business to note at 7½@8c for Hams in salt, and 4½@5c for Shoulders; nothing doing in Sides. Lard of prime quality is scarce, and 1000 packages, mostly tierces, sold at 9½c, and kegs at 10c. Butter is in good request, with further sales of good and prime at 10@12½c for packed; 15@16c for choice Ohio do; 13@15c for roll. Cheese is in steady demand at 8½@9½c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 14@15c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Holders are firm in their views and the stock on sale very light; sales comprising only about 250 bales at from 53@58c cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES are better with about the usual business doing in Pots and Pearls.

BARK comes in slowly and Quercitron meets with a good demand at rather higher prices, with sales of 120 hhds in lots at $32@32,50 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is steady with moderate receipts and sales.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good yellow sells at 38c ₱ lb.

COAL—The demand both for shipment and home use is good, and prices tending upward.

COFFEE—The market is better, but there is little or no good quality in first hands, and the sales have been limited to some 800 bags, mostly Rio, at 21½@23½c; Laguayra at 23@24c, and common do at 18@20c ₱ lb, cash and time.

COPPER is inactive. For Yellow Metal the demand is moderate, and Sheathing is held at 25c, six months, which is a further advance.

FEATHERS are dull, and good western sell slowly at 40@42c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are large, and peaches are better, the receipts having fallen off, prices range at from 50c to $1 ₱ basket; Apples are plenty, and quoted at $1@3 ₱ bbl; nothing doing in dried fruit.

HAY continues in good demand. Timothy sells at 65@85c, as in quality.

HEMP—The excitement in this article has subsided, and the market is at a stand still.

HOPS are dull and unsettled, with moderate sales at 15@18c for old and new.

IRON—There is a better feeling in the market, with more inquiry for Pig Metal; and about 2000 tons Anthracite have been disposed of at $24, cash, for No 1, and $25, four months, which is scarce; $24 for No 2, and $21½@23 for forge, on time. Manufactured iron continues active at fully former rates.

LEAD has advanced considerably, and prices are ½c better, with sales of Spanish to come here, from another market, at $7,30, and Galena at $7,50 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—There is a steady business doing in White and Yellow Pine Boards at quotations. Laths and Pickets are dull.

MOLASSES is better, and the demand active at 25@26c for clayed Cuba; 33@35c for Muscovado, and 40@43c for New Orleans, and the stocks very light.

PLASTER—There is very little offering, and soft readily commands $3 ₱ ton.

RICE is firm but quiet, and prices ¼c better. There is no Carolina here. Of East India the sales are light, ranging at 6½@7¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little offering, and good Clover is wanted at $5@5,12½ ₱ bus; good Timothy also sells freely, on arrival, at $2@2,12½ ₱ bus; Flaxseed is worth $1,85@1,90 ₱ bus, and scarce.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in Brandy and Gin, but holders are firm in their views. N E Rum is steady at 47@50c. Whiskey is better; bbls have been selling freely at 33@35c for Penna and Ohio, hhds at 32@33c, and drudge at 31@32c, and the latter scarce.

SUGARS are rather better, with a reduced stock to operate in, and some 1100 hhds have been taken at 8¼@9¼c for Cuba, and from 9 to 10¼c for Porto Rico and New Orleans. About 300 boxes also sold at 9¼@10¼c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW continues firm, city rendered selling at 10¼@10¾c, and country at 9¾@10c ₱ lb, which is an advance.

TOBACCO—There is little or no stock here, and the sales are mostly by auction, at very full rates.

WOOL—The market continues almost at a stand-still, with a few small sales to note within the range of quotations. Sales of 65,000 lbs are reported on terms we could not learn.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¼ cts ₱ lb. 80 Cows brought from $16 to 30 ₱ head. 3500 Sheep were sold at from $2,00 to 3,00 ₱ head. 800 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 6,00 ₱ cwt. net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Daniel P. Swiney, Esq. to Miss Kate, eldest daughter of the late S. Williamson, M. D. of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. T. Brainerd, D. D., Mr. Joseph France, Jr. of Neald's Delaware Battery, Wilmington, Del. to Miss Emma E. Woodcock, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, Mr. Nathaniel H. Barrett, of Milton, Del. to Miss Rachel A. S. Jacobs, of this city.

On the 10th of Aug. by the Rev. R. B. Miller, Mr. William Fulton, to Miss Mary A. Murphy, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. F. Church, Mr. Benj. Ginn, to Miss Elizabeth Robinson, both of this city.

On the 17th of July, by the Rev. Henry Steele Clark, William R. Milligan, to Sue, daughter of Thos. Simpson, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. G. A. Wenzel, Mr. C. J. Melvin, to Miss Mary A. Hoffman, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, M. Louisa, wife of Capt. S. S. Bookhammer, of the 88th regiment P. V.

On the 30th ultimo, George W. Carryl, in his 32d year.

On the 29th ultimo, Martha T. wife of Lieut. Edwin A. Landell, and daughter of the late Wm. T. Donaldson.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. Fanny M. Mitchesson, relict of Robt. Mitchesson.

On the 30th ultimo, Sarah, wife of Ashton Roberts, in her 70th year.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Rudolph, wife of Christian Rudolph, Jr. in her 38th year.

On the 27th ultimo, David Whitehead, in his 72d year.

On the 28th ultimo, Catharine Walsh, aged 23 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Samuel H. Burke, in his 32d year.

On the 29th ultimo, at Barren Hill, Mr. Samuel Hiltner, in his 36th year.

On the 28th ultimo, Eliza P. Price, wife of John R. Price, in her 20th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 4, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	2 to 5 dis.	NovaScotia	16 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	2 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
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THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

If I'm drafted I shall *resign*.

Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus confered upon me, I shall feel compeld to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meanter say I shall hav to resign if I'm drafted everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should hav eventooally becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself a Brigadeer-ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibidin', and make tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my bocsum, and said, "It is me fayther! I thank the gods!"

She reads the Ledger.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, olk faker!" said Artemus, Jr. He reads the Clipper.

My wife was to the sowin' circle. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin the females of the *other* sowin' circle, (which likewise met that arternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' theirselves ekally well in slanderin' the fust-named circle,) an' I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people injoy theirselves.

My son Orgustus was playin' onto a floot. Orgustus is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin' cob-houses in a corner of the kitchin.

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this fam'ly, and yet it 'nd go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Carlotty Patti sing; he may have hearn Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths toot, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music—the real, ginuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin' werry sure there'll be no spoons missin' when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor pa'm shoe-pegs off onto blind horses for oats, nor skedadle to British aile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; he only stays. He ought to 'pologize, on behalf of his parients, for bein' here at all. The happy married man dies in good style at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to swade the Draft, as I observed with sorrer, and patritism was below Par—and *Mar*, too. [A jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin' four abreast, wendin' their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it calvary?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately b'ot the stage line 'tween here and Scootsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is hevy to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacely, now-a-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is, very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how is't with you?" I inquired of the editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty, who sot near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin his hed in a wise way. "Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpose of announcin' from week to week, that our *Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*"

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. Schwazey, a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd been histin' in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered; "how's yer grandmams? When you goin to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said; "this is what's the matter. I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Jes' so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pinted to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin' once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend excloosively on liquor for its sustainance."

"A blessin," he cried; "a blessin onto the hed of the man what inwented beans. A blessin' onto his hed!"

"Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speciment of how things was goin' in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin' in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents."

The schoomaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin'. The meetin' was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin' bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein' seldom marred by ingrammatticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doin's? *Nihil fit*—'

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's giv three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit!"

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—"*Nihil fit*."

"Exactly," I said. "Nihil *fit*. He wasn't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin' pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man he must stand a little draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin' Washington, and they seem to be advancin' that way pretty often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble banner—*as it were*. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mum.] Feller-citizens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washington is safe. Gloucester, Massachusetts, is safe. Gen. Fremont is there. No danger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, as long as Gen. Fremont's there. And may the day be not far distant when I can say the same of Washington. But if it is saved, it will be by strategy. Vermont will soon be safe. Gen. Phelps is comin' home. Let us all rejoice that Vermont is about to be safe. My wife says so too.

The editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty here arose and said,

"I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but a important dispatch has just bin received at the telegraph office here. I will read it. It is as follows:—*Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*" [Loud applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe. [Sensation.] Philadelphia is safe. General Patterson's is in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about *money*. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money, too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginny, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we do want *men*, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and stabbin' her with stolen knives! We must lick 'em quick. We must introduce a large number of first-class funerals among the people of the South. Betsy says so too.

This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe—only with steel and led. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin' to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too.

I have great confidence in A Linkin. The old fellow's heart is in the right place, and his head is clear. There's bin sum queer doin's by some of his deputies—civil and military—but let it pass. We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. *For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother.* Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea! And then, if it is worth while, stop and argue about who caused all this in the first place. You've heard the showman. You've heard my wife, too. Me and Betsy is 1.

The meetin' broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.—*Vanity Fair.*

TROUBLED WITH HUMOR.—An applicant for exemption on account of physical disability, informed the examining physician that he was troubled with heart disease. The doctor told him to run up and down the stairs leading to his office once or twice. The applicant did this, when the physician, after listening to the motions of the heart, said: "You will pass, sir; a dollar if you please." "But, doctor," said the man, "let me run down stairs once more, and then try me." The doctor assented; the man ran down stairs—and—forgot to come back.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

LIFE AT THE SEA SHORE.

Yes! But we are sure that if Ellen knew what a figure Frederick made of her by sprawling about on the cliff just behind her, she wouldn't be so well satisfied.

A BOY'S SPEECH.—Neighbor Smith had a party at his residence a few evenings since, and the "dear boy" Charles, a five year old, was favored with permission to be seen in the parlor. "Pa" is somewhat proud of the boy, and Charles was, of course, elaborately got up for the occasion. Among other extras, the little fellow's hair was treated to a liberal supply of *eau de cologne*, to his huge glorification. As he entered the parlor, and surveying himself as he made his bow to the ladies and gentlemen: "Look here," said he, proudly, "if any of you smells a smell, that's me!" The effect was decided, and Charles became the hero of the evening.

Another time Charley's mother had a visitor come to see her. This was one Mrs. Fox, a lady very much after the order of Dickens's "Mrs. Pipchin." She was very dignified. Charley's mother called him in the parlor where they were sitting. The conversation, of course, turned on Charley. They talked and talked; at last Mrs. Fox (who was, by the way, the principal of a school in the neighborhood) asked how Charley was getting along in his learning. Charley's mother said that he was getting along very well (?). Charley's mother, in order to show this, asked him if he could spell Mrs. Fox's name. Charley's face grew as long as a Methodist minister's.

"F-O-X—a beast of prey."

Mrs. Fox has not called since.

MATINS.

For the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway;
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the East with prophecies of day,
We thank Thee, oh, our God!

For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide, to strengthen and to bless;
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,
To bear to Thee their song of thankfulness,
We praise Thee, oh, our God!

Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of Thy power and glory! so would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
And at still eve, upon the bended knee,
Adore Thee, oh, our God!

Thou know'st our needs—Thy fullness will supply;
Our blindness—let Thy hand still lead us on
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
One prayer—one only—"*Let Thy will be done!*"
We breathe to Thee, oh, God!

WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Agricultural.

CHARCOAL FOR GRAPE VINES.

Bulwer is writing a series of essays on "Life, Literature and Manners" for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in illustrating some remarks on mental culture, tells the following story:

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure-grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover about half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colors of his neighbor's flowers.

"Ay, my lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes." Conducted into an old-fashioned little green-house, which served as a vinery, my lord gazed, with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own.

"My dear friend," said my lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!" The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple-looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and your grapes," said my lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly."

"Please your lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I ben't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? explain."

"Well, my lord, three years ago, master sent me to Lunnon on business of his'n; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews; what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal?—go on."

"And one said that it had done a deal o' good in many cases of sickness, and especially in the first stage of cholera, and I took a note on my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year afore. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines do not have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine-dresser, in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly, poor vineyard one of the best in these parts, simply by charcoal-dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower-bed.'

"The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants, I'd best make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors, but gardeners;' so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal-dressing being good for vines, and he said he'd read in a book that it was so, but he had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some forren one. And, after I had picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal, in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds come to please you, my lord. It was a lucky chance that I ever heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of few."

His lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

"My lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire ——'s gardener must be a poor, ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so very well known to every professed horticulturist. Prof. Liebig, my lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal-dressing, to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles"—therewith the wise man entered into a profound disputation, of which his lordship did not understand a word.

"Well, then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal-dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my lord, and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of his ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish, pains with the training and education of a man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically pains taking, though he no longer says "ben't" and "his'n;" nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

WINE FARMING.

Mr. R. Buchanan, a well-known successful wine producer of Ohio, gives in the Ohio Valley Farmer the following statement of the raising and fermentation of wine:

Wine farming will, in a few years, become simplified, and almost as easily understood as corn planting. There is no mystery in it. Experience alone must teach the proper position, as well as the soil; the right distance apart for the vines, the most judicious method for spring and summer pruning; and as for cultivation keep the ground clean with the plough or cultivator, like corn.

Making the wine is as simple as making cider. The grape bunches are cut from the vines, and all unsound or unripe berries picked off the bunch and thrown into a basket, to make—with the addition of sugar—vinegar, or an inferior wine. The imperfect grapes of each day's cutting are taken to the wine house, and in the evening, after being mashed in a barrel with a beetle—stem and berries—or passed through wooden rollers in a small mill, are put on the press and the juice extracted. About one-third runs off without any pressure. The outside edges of the pomace are cut off for eight or ten inches, after the first pressing, separated with the hands, and thrown on top, when the power of the screw is applied, and another pressing made. This is repeated two or three times. The juice from the last pressing, being very dark and astringent, is put with the inferior wine. The other is put in large casks, filled about five sixths full, to ferment and make the good wine. No sugar or brandy should be added to the best Catawba juice—or must—as it makes a better wine without, and is strong enough to keep well. One end of a siphon is placed in the bunghole of the cask—the other being crooked over, rests in a bucket of water.

The fermentation commences in a day or two, and the carbonic acid escapes through the water. In ten or fourteen days, the siphon may be removed, the casks filled up, and the bung driven in lightly—in a month, tightly. In mid winter the wine is drawn off into another cask, and the lees of the wine, with the pomace of the grapes, is used to make brandy.

The wine will be clear and pleasant to drink in a month or two after the fermentation ceases. The second fermentation occurs in the spring—about the time of the blossoming of the grapes—this is but slight, and it will be merely necessary to loosen the bungs; when it is over, the wine will be clear in two or three months, and *safe to bottle*, but that operation had better be deferred until November. And this is the whole process of making still wine—the wine for general use; and, being a natural product of the pure juice of the grape it is more wholesome than any mixed or artificial wine, however showy and high-priced it may be.

Let the grapes be well ripened; the press, casks and all vessels perfectly clean, and then keep the air from the new wine, by having the casks constantly bung full, and there is no danger of its spoiling. This is the whole secret.

It is presumed that no one will go into wine farming largely at first, but take the precaution to test, by the cultivation of a few acres, the capabilities of the soil, position and climate, and the kind of grape best suited to it.

Useful Receipts.

SWEET APPLES, BAKED AND DRIED.—Bake as for the table; then dry by fire heat. The old-fashioned, large brick oven is the best place. When wanted for the table they may be soaked in water and heated, and finally the water dried away. The apples return to very nearly the condition of fresh baked apples. If they are stewed in a syrup they make a rich sauce, far preferable to that of the common dried apples.—*American Agriculturist.*

PEACHES WITHOUT COOKING.—To four pounds fruit add one pound sugar; place the sugar and peaches in a kettle over the fire, long enough to melt the sugar without cooking the fruit. Then remove them from the kettle, place them in Arthur's jars, and put them in a pot, (of warm water, if glass; hot if tin,) letting the water boil several minutes.

CITRON MELON.—Cut it in pieces the size you wish, take out the soft centre and seeds, pare off the green rind, then throw the pieces in cold water and let them stand all night. Next day boil them, in water enough to cover them, for 20 minutes, adding alum the size of a walnut to each quart of water, to green them; ¾ sugar to 1 pound fruit, slice some lemons, and put in also essence of ginger to taste. Boil till clear.

TO KEEP GREEN CORN.—There are several methods. Cutting off the cob after cooking 5 minutes, is one—then drying in the sun.

ANOTHER WAY TO KEEP GREEN CORN.—Make pickle in a barrel, as for meat. Throw into it, from time to time, ears of unhusked sugar corn. When you have enough, put weights to keep the corn under and cover the barrel. When used, soak the ears all night, (after taking off the husk,) and boil in a large portion of water, which must be changed once, in boiling.

OKRA.—This very desirable vegetable for soups, should be purchased when young and small, sliced, and dried on plates, in a cool oven, or about a stove. Put it away in glass jars, dry.

HERBS should be gathered when they are in blossom.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 43 letters.

My 32, 41, 36, 14, 23, 29, 22, was a son of Sol.
My 29, 27, 29, 28, was one of the Fates.
My 42, 16, 34, 34, was the servant of Juno.
My 43, 3, 35, 39, 27, was one of the Harpies.
My 25, 40, 34, 18, was an Egyptian god.
My 36, 31, 43, 39, 25, 29, 1, 43, was turned into a lion.
My 27, 3, 26, 5, 18, was at first a woman, then a floating island, afterwards a fixed one.
My 15, 17, 12, 5, 8, 34, 30, was a goddess of the woods.
My 2, 10, 8, 11, 29, 25, was the most beautiful virgin in the world.
My 6, 36, 4, 7, 13, 8, 30, was the goddess of thieves, turned into a fountain that once a year flows with blood.
My 20, 21, 20, 29, 5, 22, was killed by Achilles in a duel.
My 27, 30, 29, 43, 34, 27, 38, 18, were the daughters of Danaus, punished in hell for killing their husbands.
My 27, 25, 32, 33, 6, 3, was turned into a laurel.
My 20, 17, 8, 1, 2, 36, was turned into mint.

My whole is an institution which will long be remembered by thousands with kind and grateful feelings.

Philadelphia. REPARD.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 80 letters.

My 20, 52, 5, 21, 9, is made into 6, 12, 10, 63, 14, which is made into 40, 30, 3, 8, 4, which last is the 25, 27, 26, 6, 6, of 22, 34, 6, 7.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, is eaten 76, 66, 67, 72, 64, during a part of the 11, 69, 23, 12.
My 76, 78, 34, 57, is a small 37, 44, 58, 28.
My 32, 34, 39, is double 36, 50, 59; one-half of 11, 13, 63, 42; one-quarter of 41, 73, 74, 2, 1; one-fifth of 47, 46, 79; one-sixth of 51, 20, 49, 22, 55, 54; one-seventh of 11, 33, 63, 60, 32, 30, 59, 61; one-ninth of 67, 24, 74, 2, 1, 60, 43, 43, and one-tenth of 2, 20, 56, 70, 47, 77.
My 62, 63, 35, 53, was the name of a 34, 44, 23, 15 and 22, 8, 34, 23, 44, 25, 53 nation.
My 31, 26, 38, 75, 21, 66, 34, 45, 60, is a 74, 24, 39, 23, 25 name.
My 39, 74, is an interjection.
My 68, 73, 72, is the last thing that a man does in this 20, 29, 42, 23, 65, and my 74, 60, 69, 65, is his condition when he has done it.

My whole was one of the most important causes of the successful termination of the Revolution. G. M. TUCKER.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 24, 27, 10, 25, 17, 14, 6, 1, 9, 16, 15, 24, 27, is the name of an altar.
My 36, 38, 34, 26, was a son of Leah.
My 5, 8, 37, 28, was what the six winged seraphs cried.
My 29, 3, 27, was a son of Eliphaz.
My 34, 19, 35, 37, 10, 39, is a word in this chapter.
My 13, 35, 7, 15, 33, was a wife of Abraham.
My 25, 11, 16, 21, is a name for the Deity.
My 13, 23, 36, 4, 22, 26, 3, is a wood which composed the ark.
My 36, 11, 31, is a name in the Bible.
My 33, 21, 10, 18, was a celebrated garden.

My whole is a verse in the book of Solomon.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of four numbers is 20; the sum of their squares is 114; the sum of their fourth powers is 5058; and the sum of their eighth powers is 17229938. Required—the numbers?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, C, are the centres of three circles, whose respective radii are 4, 8, 9; the distance from A to B is 30, from B to C 40, and from A to C 50. Required—the radii of two circles which shall touch the three so that the three shall be outside of one of them and within the other?

Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When may a man be said to be "dressed in borrowed plumes?" Ans.—When he's tarred and feathered.

☞ Why was Robert Burns like the skylark? Ans.—Because he was the bard of Ayr (air.)

☞ What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier? Ans.—Asking him to dinner and dessert.

☞ A CONUNDRUM FOR NATURALISTS.—What creatures may be said to live on their relations? Ans.—Why, the aunt-eaters, to be sure!

☞ Why is a fashionable lady's dress like an iron-clad ship? Ans.—Because it's heavily *plated*.

☞ What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works? Ans.—A fountain.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws. RIDDLE.—Franklin. CHARADE.—Dandelion. (Dan, Dandy, Lion.) CHARADE.—Dumfries. (Dumb-freeze.) ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—60, 80, 100 and 120.

WHERE IS YOUR BOY?—We saw him last, late in the evening, in the company of very bad boys, and they each had a cigar; and, now and then some of them used very profane language. As we looked at your son we wondered if you knew where he was, and with whom he associates. Dear friend, do not be so closely confined to your shop, office, or ledger, as to neglect *that boy*. He will bring sorrow into your household if you do not bring proper parental restraint to bear upon him—and that very soon. Sabbath and public school teachers can help you, but *you must do most*.

☞ Look fate full in the eye. It is like a lion, believe me; it quails before the resolute.